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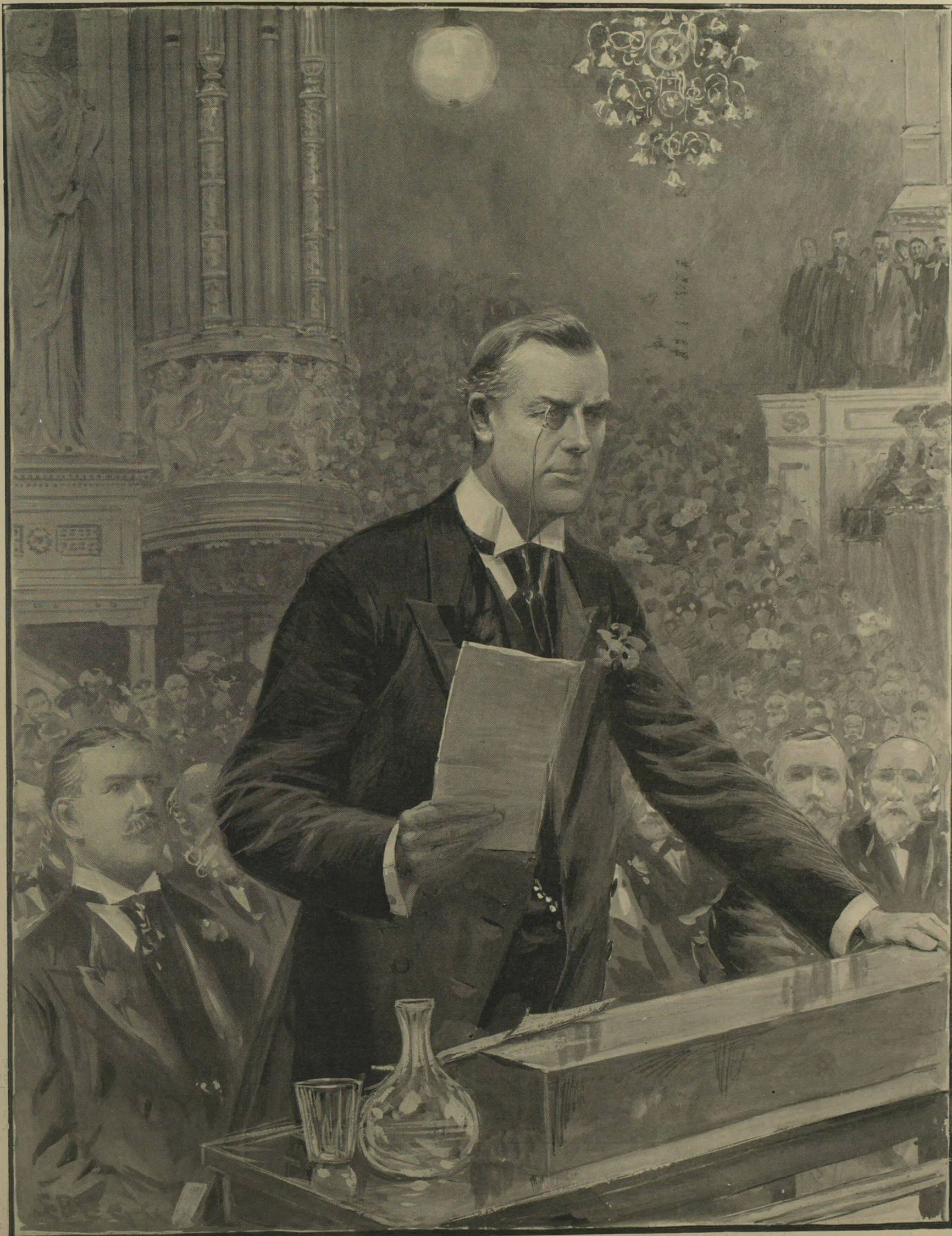
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SIXPENCE.

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"A MISSIONARY OF EMPIRE": MR. CHAMBERLAIN INAUGURATING HIS FISCAL CAMPAIGN AT GLASGOW, OCTOBER 6.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW.

*"Because I believe this policy to be for the maintenance of our great British traditions, I come before you as a missionary of Empire."*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is gratifying to play even the humblest part in the making of history. Eighteen years ago an ingenuous young journalist had a momentous interview with the son of a great political chieftain. The upshot was the publication of a piece of news that startled the island. I was that ingenuous young journalist, and I am flattered to find my small contribution to an illustrious career set down by Mr. John Morley in his biography of Gladstone. To the office of the National Press Agency came Mr. Herbert Gladstone one December morning in 1885, and imparted to me a sketch of his father's views of Home Rule. "The chief of an important Press agency," writes Mr. Morley, had "previously warned" Mr. Herbert Gladstone that "the party was all at sea." The party may have been all at sea—no unusual circumstance; but whoever warned Mr. Herbert Gladstone, I did not. "To this gentleman, in an interview at which no notes were taken, and nothing read from papers—so little formal was it—he told his own opinions on the assumed opinions of Mr. Gladstone, all in general terms, and only with the negative view of preventing friendly writers from falling into traps." Had I dreamed that Mr. Morley would have dealt with this incident in his book, I should have ventured to correct this impression, or at least to state my own. No notes were taken, it is true; but as soon as the interview was over, I reduced the substance of it to writing upon the explicit understanding with Mr. Herbert Gladstone, as I supposed, that it was to be made public at once.

I am inclined to think that he was still younger and more ingenuous than I was. But observe the masterly and delightful comment of Mr. Morley, who has been in his time one of the greatest of journalists: "Unluckily, it would seem to need at least the genius of a Bismarck to perform with precision and success the delicate office of inspiring a modern oracle on the journalistic tripod. Here, what was intended to be a blameless negative soon swelled, as the oracular fumes are wont to do, into a giant positive." Yes; but if I had not yielded to the "oracular fumes," they could not have inspired Mr. Morley to write what I shall always regard as one of the most brilliant passages in his truly great work. The genius of Bismarck, I fancy, would have sent me a communication in the handwriting of "little Busch"; and if I had dared to give that some gigantic proportions of my own making, I should have been clapped with "precision and success" under lock and key. In this country the "journalistic tripod" is not managed in that fashion. I may have misunderstood the "blameless negative," which sounded to me a most positive assurance that Mr. Gladstone had adopted Home Rule in principle. My visitor, who was brought to me by the manager of the National Press, certainly declared that his father would press this policy, come what might, even at the cost of losing Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. Perhaps Mr. Herbert Gladstone talked with guileless freedom; perhaps my simplicity assumed that the only way to keep friendly writers from falling into traps was to indicate the straight course which the most resolute of men had made up his mind to pursue. Certain it is that an awful commotion ensued next day, and that the party was more at sea than ever, some nervous people being well-nigh choked by the waves.

It gives me a proud thrill to read of it now in Mr. Morley's stately pages. Had I not been so ingenuous, I might have shrunk from the responsibility. "There can be no doubt," proceeds the grave historian of Mr. Gladstone's life, "that the publication was neither to his advantage, nor in conformity with his view of the crisis. . . . Friends and foes became more than ever alert, excited, alarmed, and in not a few cases vehemently angry." My cheek blanches a little as I read this; but if I had not written as I did, where (let me say it again) would have been a page and a half of Mr. Morley's masterpiece? "No statesman in our history has ever been more careful of the golden rule of political strategy—to neglect of which Frederick the Great traced the failure of Joseph II.—not to take the second step before you have taken the first." Where would have been this most illuminating allusion to Frederick and Joseph? As I think of this, my indiscretion, Mr. Herbert Gladstone's indiscretion, our mistaken zeal, which enraged instead of quelling those embarrassing billows upon which a great party was tempest-tossed—all seem to be ministers to the fame of Frederick and of Gladstone. There are people who say that another Joseph, not usually in need of lessons in political strategy, has missed that important distinction between the second step and the first. I keep no tripod for them; they will get no oracular fumes from me. On the only occasion when I met that redoubtable man (this was also in 1885) he had a poker in his hand, and the tripod quailed before him. No biographer, I fear, will ever devote a page and a half to that. But under Mr. Morley's monument of Mr. Gladstone I lift my

diminished head with the salutations of homage, and a foretaste of immortality.

A curious missive comes to me from a correspondent who is flourishing at Hankow, in the middle of China. Something I wrote three months ago about Miss Nellie Farren and her companions at the "Old Gaiety" (now a heap of disordered bricks) has awakened in him "delightful memories of those merry days." He remembers how Mr. Edward Terry (a Poor Law Guardian by day and a great contriver of mirth by night) used to put Miss Farren into a cannon, in burlesque of the lady who was shot from another piece of artillery at the Aquarium, now the home of Methodism. "Do you remember," he asks, "the tune they always played when the gun went off? It was the tune that was played at the Aquarium, and was of so ordinary a nature that it was, and is, hard to forget." Hard as that may be, I have forgotten it. It is not played at the Aquarium now, I surmise. Old Meyer Lutz must have composed it, and he is dead. The thought oppresses me that in all London nobody recalls that air, and that unless some music-publisher will take compassion on me, or some retired Colonial administrator, say Sir Harry Johnston, who used to sing the old songs in the jungle or the desert, I shall have to make a pilgrimage all the way to Hankow, where my correspondent whistles the melody softly on the evening breeze to the delight of an audience of pigtailed.

He ends his letter with a statement which touches me on another tender point: "What ripping days those were; and how old you and I are getting!" My dear Sir, you may be getting old in China, where everybody must be weighed down by the sheer accumulation of the ages. The *Peking Gazette*, the oldest newspaper in the world, published its first number about a thousand years ago; and I should not be surprised to hear that its original editor, with the help of opium and the Dowager-Empress, is still making "oracular fumes." But in London, my friend, since you went to Hankow, we have left off growing old. I say this with some emphasis—it is my "giant positive"—because a misguided evening paper has thought fit to celebrate my birthday by publishing what it supposes to be my age. I have no age, "Who's Who" notwithstanding. Do you remember, O exile of Hankow, the City clerk in Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Finest Story in the World"? Oddly enough, a well-known tune brings it back to me, or it brings back the tune; it does not matter which. The swain of "Sally in Our Alley" laments that his companions make game of his passion—

And but for her I'd rather be  
A slave, and row a galley.

Kipling's clerk, who spoke ancient Greek in abstracted moments, and the dialect of Cheapside when he was gay, had been a slave and rowed a galley in the days of Pericles. Very well. I was a kinsman of Brian Boru, and took a modest part in his festivities in the capacity of cup-bearer. Bram Stoker was another.

How well I recollect the day when Brian Boru was gathered to his fathers after a sharp argument with a scholar who maintained that the Irish tongue was a corruption of the classic language cherished in the Court of Priam, King of Troy! There was a great shalloo on Shannon shore because everybody wanted to be King of Ireland, except Bram Stoker and myself. We stole away and led a pastoral life on the shores of Lough Foyle, where we buried Brian's cups. Malignant gossip said we had pawned them! As you know, they were dug up some time ago, confiscated by the Saxon oppressor, and then restored to Ireland to prevent a civil war. You may see them, when you return from Hankow, in the Royal Irish Academy. They are of chaste design, and described by astute archæologists as offerings to a water-god. This is true; for they were made at the time when advanced science had discovered the sovereign properties of water when blended with whisky. The new learning was fiercely resisted by the conservative professors, who predicted that the anger of the whisky-god would desolate the kingdom. I remember it all; and you talk to me about getting old!

The reformers who want to reduce the letter "r" to silence are still on the war-path. One of them makes a still more drastic proposal in a letter to the *Saturday Review*. He would lay a social ban upon everyone who uses the word "vulgar." The word "common," he says, is "disgustful"; so I suppose the use of it should be treated as an outrage on public decency. Pending a serious inquiry into this matter, I should like to make a little protest of my own. Far be it from me to demand that Mr. Morley's head should be brought to the block for treason against the English tongue; but it is a national duty to call so distinguished a writer to account for such a phrase as this—"Lord Dalhousie, one of the truest hearts that ever was attracted to public life." What Mr. Morley means is that of the truest hearts that ever were attracted to public life Lord Dalhousie was one. When the phrase is worded that way, the blunder of the other wording is manifest. But it is a blunder which crops up constantly, even in the best authors.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GLASGOW SPEECH.

"A MISSIONARY OF EMPIRE"

Mr. Chamberlain opened his fiscal campaign at Glasgow on the evening of Oct. 6, when, in St. Andrew's Hall, at a meeting presided over by Sir Matthew Arthur, he delivered the first complete exposition which he has given to the country of his proposed scheme for our national commercial salvation. A vast audience gave Mr. Chamberlain a splendid ovation, and the ex-Colonial Secretary's opening words returned Glasgow's compliment with delicately flattering allusions to her position as the second city in the Empire, the city where Adam Smith taught the doctrines of political economy and held the great office of Lord Rector of the University, which Mr. Chamberlain would always consider it a great honour to have filled. Adam Smith, entirely before his time, had pressed for reciprocal trade between our Colonies and the Mother Country, and Mr. Chamberlain was not afraid to come to his city to combat free imports and to preach preferential trade with our Colonies. He came no longer as a party leader; he was an outsider, yet a loyal servant of party, and neither calumny nor insinuation could affect, in the slightest degree, his long-standing friendship with the Prime Minister. But, putting aside personal and party questions, he had come there to consider the greatest of all great questions, and to come to a decision, if possible, upon it. Two objects were before him—one, the maintenance, the increase, the national strength and prosperity of the United Kingdom; the other, the creation of an Empire such as the world has never seen, the consolidation of the British race.

The matter now before them should be treated on its merits, and the changing of a system of sixty years' standing should be a national policy approved by the overwhelming proportion of the country. In a fine passage, Mr. Chamberlain brought before his readers a vision of the Campanile at Venice as he had seen it last, shortly before ruin overtook it. Such sudden destruction might not, at present, threaten the edifice of British commerce, but he declared solemnly that it was not well to-day with British industry. We have been going through a period of great expansion; the whole world has been prosperous. Mr. Chamberlain sees signs of a change which will convert even the Free Fooders. During the past thirty years the export trade has increased some £20,000,000, or about 7½ per cent., but the population has increased 30 per cent. Can population be supported at that rate? In the same period the United States trade increased £110,000,000, and Germany £56,000,000. For thirty years the trade of the United Kingdom has been practically stagnant—we are, indeed, sending £42,500,000 worth less of manufactures to the protected countries than we did thirty years ago. This change has been concealed by statistics, or rather by the way statistics have been presented. We have failed to observe that the continuance of our trade is dependent entirely upon British possessions. During the thirty years of declining trade with foreign countries, trade with British possessions has increased £40,000,000, and is now larger than our trade with the whole of Europe and the United States of America. Meanwhile, foreign exports to us have risen by £86,000,000. That may be right or wrong, but when people said we ought to hold exactly the same opinion about things as our ancestors did, Mr. Chamberlain would reply that he dared say we should, if circumstances had remained the same. Having made his figures clear, he would show the consequence. Our Imperial trade is absolutely essential to our prosperity. If it declines or fails to increase in proportion to our population, we sink at once to a fifth-rate nation. Having the misfortune to be an optimist, Mr. Chamberlain did not believe in the setting of the British star, but then he did not believe in the folly of the British people. He had confidence in the intelligence of his masters, electorally speaking, that they would wake up. At the same time, unless we take the right steps to preserve it, our Imperial trade will inevitably decline. He then asked a conundrum. Why does Canada take twice the amount of British-manufactured goods taken by the United States? Why does Australasia take three times as much as Canada? Why does South Africa take more per head than Australasia? Because these countries are all Protective countries. Labour leaders were all for free imports—let them go to the Colonies, and in six months they will sing a different tune.

To the Colonies he would say, "Don't increase your tariff walls against us; pull them down where they are unnecessary. Let us exchange productions with you, because we are kinsmen, because it is good for the Empire as a whole, because we have shown you the way." Had we said this to America ten years ago, we would have retained, for example, the tin-plate trade. The Colonies are prepared to meet us. In return for a very moderate preference, they would give us a substantial advantage. Thus we shall not only retain the trade which we have, but we shall receive from the Colonies preference to all the trade now done by them with foreign competitors. £26,000,000 worth a year of trade which now goes to Germany and France might come to this country if preference were given to British manufactures. What did that mean? On Board of Trade figures it meant £13,000,000 a year of new employment, the employment of 166,000 men at 30s. a week, the subsistence, including families, of 830,000 persons. Add to that our present exports to British possessions of £96,000,000, and it gives employment at 30s. a week to 615,000 people, or subsistence for 3,075,000. In other words, Colonial trade, with the prospective advantage of preference, means employment for 750,000 workmen and subsistence for 4,000,000 of the population. Mr. Chamberlain had appealed to their interests. He had come there as a man of business. Now he would appeal to something higher. He would ask what this Empire means for us and for our descendants? Not long ago the Colonists had voluntarily rushed to the assistance of the Old



Country. Is this glorious inheritance worth preserving? (Cries of "Yes" and cheers.) Aye, they have cost much, and we might not obtain the great boon of a peaceful Empire, encircling the globe with a bond of commercial unity, without some sacrifice. But he did not believe there would be any sacrifice at all. This is an arrangement between friends.

What, continued Mr. Chamberlain, do the Colonies ask? A preference, not on raw material, because their manufactures are, at present, insignificant. What remains? Food. There, now the murder was out! But this he proposed to do without adding one farthing to the cost of living of the working man or of any family in the country. He would impose a tax on foreign corn, except maize, the food of the poorest, of 2s. a quarter, but no duty on British produce. He would impose a tax on flour of a similar amount (but differentiated in favour of the miller) and a tax of 5 per cent. on foreign meat and dairy produce, excluding bacon, the food of the poorest. He would give a substantial preference to Colonial wines. These duties would cost the farm-labourer 16½ farthings a week and the artisan 19½ farthings; but against this he would put a reduction of duty on tea, sugar, coffee, and cocoa, so adjusted that the working man in country and town would get back 17½ and 19½ farthings. Thus there would be no increase in the cost of living. These changes would cost the country £2,800,000 a year, to be met by a tax on foreign manufactured goods, realising £9,000,000. Mr. Chamberlain had an idea the present Chancellor of the Exchequer would know what to do with a full purse: he would further reduce the taxes on food, and other taxes which press heavily on the community. Certain colonies had already given us preferences in the faith that we would not be ungrateful. It was because of his sympathy with their objects that he had given up office, and now came before that audience as a missionary of Empire, to urge once again, as he had done when he protested against the disruption of the United Kingdom, that nothing be done towards the disintegration of the Empire. Let them not refuse to sacrifice a futile superstition, an inept prejudice, and thereby lose the results of centuries of noble effort and patriotic endeavour.

#### MR. MORLEY'S "GLADSTONE."

The sheer bulk of Mr. Morley's volumes on Gladstone (just published by Messrs. Macmillan, 42s.) testifies eloquently to his prodigious task. He has written close upon 1900 pages, and yet that must have been the least arduous part of the work. "Between two and three hundred thousand written papers of one sort or another must have passed under my view." Many of these were documents of the highest importance, needing the most discreet handling. To the reader the responsibility of a writer under such conditions seems almost paralysing; but Mr. Morley has risen to it with consummate judgment. He tells us that Queen Victoria sent him a message strongly impressing upon him "that the work I was about to undertake should not be handled in the narrow way of party." "This injunction," he adds, "represents my own clear view of the spirit in which the history of a career so memorable as Mr. Gladstone's should be composed." To that view he is faithful throughout the book. His own principles of politics and public conduct are never obscure; but he sustains his ideal of "regarding party feeling in its honourable sense, as entirely the reverse of an infirmity." He is equally alive to the defects of Gladstone's character and to the personal merits of that great man's opponents. There comes a time when he has to write as one who was Gladstone's chief colleague in the Cabinet, his most intimate associate in the policy which rent his party, and inflamed animosities to the highest pitch. But here Mr. Morley, if not purely judicial, is as nearly impartial as mortal man could be, with all the true historian's sense of error and miscalculation. It is because of this breadth of mind and fineness of temper that Mr. Morley has done the memory of Gladstone a service which no mere panegyrist could have achieved. He makes it plain that in his judgment the two greatest political forces of England were Burke and Gladstone, and that Burke was the greater of the two. "Whether we accept this estimate or not, it is undeniable that Mr. Morley has written of both statesmen with extraordinary fairness, penetration, and felicity.

The size of this biography is not surprising when we consider the part which Gladstone played in English history. In 1850 he was already formidable. After Palmerston's death, in 1865, he was one of the two commanding figures in public life, and after Disraeli's death he was for nearly twenty years supreme in the imagination of his countrymen. His personality entered into the fibre of legislation and administration far more than did the personality either of Disraeli or Palmerston. He was a great factor in the religious life of the country. No such tremendous vitality has ever been seen, and no character which at all points excited such bitter and prolonged controversy, such passionate worship, and such profound detestation. To the manifold activities of this volcanic genius, and to the conflicting elements that flamed around him, Mr. Morley has applied a literary faculty which is very rare. The proportions of his book are finely balanced; the great masses of documents fall easily into their places, and are never oppressive; the style is full of dignity and restraint, and of that subdued glow of thought and feeling which never breaks into the mere blaze of rhetoric. The chief difficulty for such a biographer lay in Gladstone's attitude towards all questions fundamentally affecting religious dogma. Purely scientific research into the history of man made him uncomfortable. His mind was shut against it; he could not even accept the simplest facts of geology. In this aspect he was a mediæval monk, a contemporary of Dante, in the envelope of a nineteenth-century Englishman. When he visited Rome he was perfectly indifferent to its artistic and antiquarian interest, Christian or Pagan, but spent his time in listening to sermons from Italian priests. This characteristic absorption

Mr. Morley treats with infinite delicacy. The basis of Gladstone's being, he says, was theology; but upon this arose and ramified an astonishing superstructure. Like Dante, Gladstone had one great detachment of mind: he loved the Pagan classics. The poet of the "Divine Comedy" could not bear to think of Ovid in Hell; so he put that rather disreputable bard into the Elysian Fields. Gladstone worshipped Homer, and even maintained that the Homeric heroes were superior to those of the Old Testament. Moses, he told Mr. Morley, was "a fine fellow," but apparently not to be compared with Agamemnon. The biographer records this with grave and delightful slyness.

With a narrow theology was associated the broadest religious tolerance; but Mr. Morley suggests that the narrowness exacted a penalty in the casuistical bent of Gladstone's mind. The "plain man" could not understand his verbal subtleties. Opponents laughed because he essayed to show that when he changed his policy he had not really changed, and in proof of this quoted some phrase in an old speech where the change lay like a seed in the earth, waiting the favourable season to germinate. The gravest disadvantage of this self-deception was that it exposed a real moral earnestness to unfounded suspicion. But the essential nobility of his nature outweighed this defect. He was not what Disraeli called him, the "sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," because, as Mr. Morley says, no such person could have achieved his supremacy over so critical an assembly as the House of Commons. He succeeded, at least in his heyday, by persuasion, by real force of intellect and character, by magnificent administrative gifts. Once he astonished his biographer by saying that he had never been "much moved by ambition." Mr. Morley believes now that of love of power or fame for its own sake he had none. "But ambition in a better sense, the motive of a resolute and potent genius to use strength for the purposes of strength, to clear the path, dash obstacles aside, force good causes forward—such a quality as that is the very law of the being of a personality so vigorous, intrepid, confident, and capable as his."

#### THE PLAYHOUSES.

##### "DOLLY VARDEN," AT THE AVENUE.

No, the "Dolly Varden" of the Avenue Theatre is quite unconnected with the exquisite little coquette who figures in Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge"; her origins must be sought elsewhere, and traced, via America, to Wycherley's comedy of "The Country Wife." Strange fate this for a seventeenth-century stage classic, to be made the basis of a comic opera, especially one acted with all the superabundant energy that marks the Transatlantic player! Really, however, Mr. Stanislaus Stange's libretto owes more to Garrick's bowdlerisation than to its original, and does not even keep, as its title shows, William Wycherley's nomenclature. The result is happy enough—an innocent story of intrigue with the inevitable maiden masquerading in male attire; a score, that of Mr. Julian Edwards, which, if without much character, has an agreeable air of refinement; a series of charming scenes and costumes set off by pretty faces and comely figures, and generally a graceful and dainty entertainment pleasantly free from all taint of vulgarity. Such faults as the piece has consist mainly of a lack of fun and the consequent over-strenuous efforts of the company to produce an appearance of sprightliness. Subject to this reservation, the chorus may be congratulated on the feverish intensity of its singing; Mr. Sidney Howard deserves praise for trying so earnestly to make his portrait of a conceited and craven fop amusing; Miss Sylvia Sabanc can be commended for her brilliant, if rather indistinct, vocalisation; and Miss Mabelle Gilman's impersonation of the heroine may be credited with delightful archness and vivacity.

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## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

MR. BALFOUR'S  
SHEFFIELD SPEECH.

In the presence of about five thousand persons, presided over by the Earl of Derby, in the Artillery Drill Hall at Sheffield, Mr. Balfour delivered on Oct. 1 a speech inaugurating his campaign of retaliation in fiscal affairs. The speech, of which much had been expected, proved inconclusive and disappointing. Tariff attacks, he said, can only be met by tariff replies. As we stand, we are helpless against the attacks made by Germany on Canada; but the old free-trade ideal of Cobden is not of the world in which we live to-day. Since Cobden's time the sentiment of nationality has been greatly strengthened, and the spirit of Protection has grown as a separatist factor among nations. This latter consideration Mr. Balfour deplored; but we must take things as we find them. For fifty years the wall of hostile tariffs had been growing up against us, and we have made no attempt to break it down, save only Cobden's 1859 commercial treaty with France. From Protective tariffs came trusts. Against these dangers what remedy was there to offer? Mr. Balfour confessed with sorrow he knew of none, but he could at least suggest a palliative. Let the people give the Government freedom of negotiation. He would advocate no general tariff war, but unless foreign countries modified their hostility to our manufactures, we should feel compelled to take this or that step with regard to their exports to our country. The country was not yet ready to tolerate a tax on food, and therefore his remedy (or palliative) could not be tried in its integrity; but, for all that, he believed his proposal would be useful; for freedom to negotiate and,



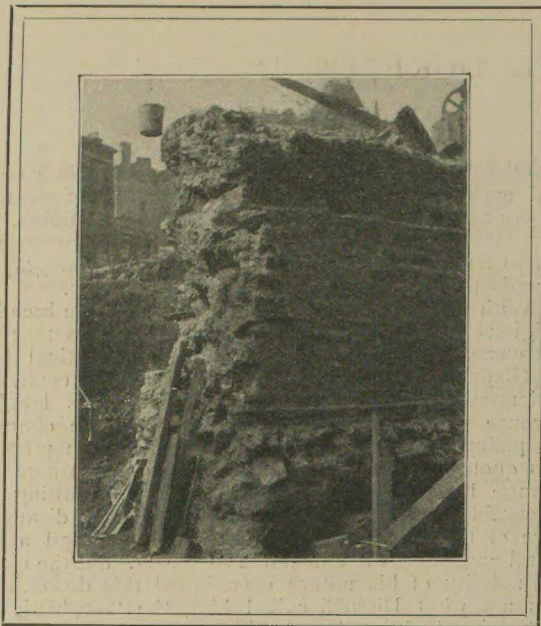
Photo, Art Reproduction Co.

THE LAST OF THE OLD GAIETY THEATRE:  
VIEWED FROM THE STAGE.

if need were, to threaten retaliation, would greatly strengthen the hands of a Minister in dealing with a foreign country which imposed vexatious duties on our goods.

THE CABINET  
CHANGES.

The long delay in the reconstruction of the Cabinet came practically to an end upon the morning of Oct. 6, when Mr. Balfour was in a position to announce the King's approval of the following appointments: Mr. Austen Chamberlain assumes, at a relatively early age, the weighty duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton has become Secretary for the Colonies; Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster is Secretary for War; and Mr. Brodrick has passed from Pall Mall to the India Office. Mr. Graham Murray, the Lord Advocate, is Secretary of State for Scotland, and Lord Stanley is Postmaster-General. But simultaneously with the fitting of these patches, a new rent appeared in the Ministerial garment, for Mr. Balfour had the mortification of announcing the resignation of the Duke of Devonshire. His Grace, in a long letter to the Prime Minister, declared that the tenor of Mr. Balfour's Sheffield speech has left him no choice but to resign the Presidency of the Council. Mr. Balfour replied to the Duke in a equally lengthy letter, in which he expresses his deep regret that at such a moment the Administration should be deprived of a weighty counsellor who has so long adorned it. Mr. Balfour fails to see that his Sheffield speech showed any material alteration of his views on the fiscal question, views which were already well known to the Duke. It appears that Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton, when they went out of the Cabinet, were unaware that Mr. Chamberlain had also resigned. They do not know why they were kept in the dark, and Lord George

THE ROMAN WALL DISCOVERED BENEATH THE  
FOUNDATIONS OF NEWGATE JAIL.

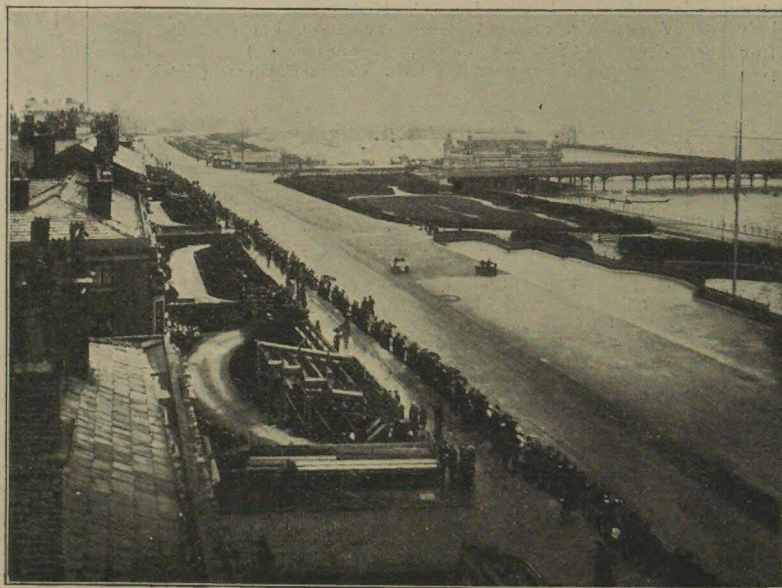
The relic of Roman London which has been discovered during the demolition of Newgate Jail is part of a fortification which is still clearly traceable in the masonry of certain cellars and warehouses. One vestige of the work is visible above ground in a bastion which occurs in the walls of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate. Antiquaries have a tolerably accurate idea of the ground-plan of the fortification in question, which is only one of the many relics of the Roman occupation over which Londoners of to-day tread unsuspecting as they pass to and fro in the City.

Hamilton has the air of suggesting that had he known Mr. Chamberlain was going he would have stayed. As he made emphatic protest not only against preferential tariffs, but also against the policy subsequently explained by the Prime Minister at Sheffield, it is not easy to conjecture how he could have retained his portfolio.

At forty years of age—nine years younger than Disraeli was when he found himself called to a similar office—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain the younger, more familiarly known as Mr. Austen Chamberlain, finds himself Chancellor of the Exchequer, and supreme custodian of the nation's purse. Rugby, Cambridge, and Paris contributed to his training, and in 1892 East Worcestershire sent him to Parliament, where it has kept him ever since. In 1895 he was made a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1900 he became Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Last year saw him Postmaster-General. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is no great orator, but when he made his maiden speech during a Home Rule debate, Mr. Gladstone said that his words must have been dear and refreshing to a father's heart. To this Mr. Chamberlain the elder bowed his acknowledgments.

Mr. W. St. John Brodrick, of Eton and Oxford, and lately of Pall Mall, has presided over the War Office during the most stormy period it has known in recent times. Since 1885 he has sat for his maiden constituency, the Guildford Division of Surrey. In the following year he took office as Financial Secretary to the War Office. His other appointments have been Under-Secretary of State for War, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and since 1900 he has been War Secretary. He is a conscientious Minister, and although his Army scheme was scarcely a brilliant success, he may be trusted to give India the benefit of much plodding ability.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, who goes to Pall Mall, is an expert on Army and Navy subjects. He is of Rugby and Oxford, a writer, and a director of a great publishing



THE MOTOR-SPEED TRIALS AT SOUTHPORT: THE TRACK.

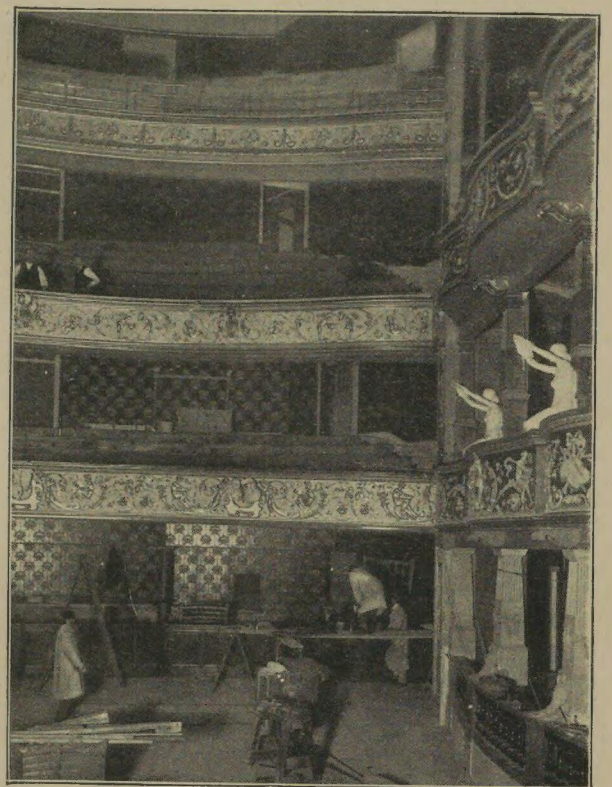
The trials were held on October 2 and 3 on the adapted promenade. In the racing contest for cars weighing not more than 1000 kilos, Mr. F. S. Edge won with a 45-horse power Napier. His utmost speed was 67½ miles per hour.

firm. This last qualification for the control of our War Department is not without precedent, in the late Mr. W. H. Smith, and recalls the famous small cartoon in *Punch* giving side by side the Russian view of the English War Minister and the reality. You looked on this picture to see a most truculent son of Mars, and on that to view a peaceful, indeed domestic, elderly gentleman, with his hat on the back of his head, immersed in very commercial-looking office-work. For the last three years, Mr. Forster, who is member for West Belfast, has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty.

Lord Stanley, Mr. Austen Chamberlain's successor at the Post Office, is the Earl of Derby's eldest son. He is thirty-eight years of age, a soldier and a traveller, and has at least this much acquaintance with postal work, that he was chief Press Censor in the field in South Africa.

The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the new Colonial Secretary, has been eight years in Parliament, where he represents Warwick and Leamington. He is of Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, barrister of the Inner Temple, a bencher, and K.C. He is the eighth son of the fourth Baron Lyttelton, and a nephew by marriage of Mr. Gladstone. The Colonial Secretaryship is his first Ministerial appointment. He gained considerable South African experience as Chairman of the Compensation Commission.

Mr. Graham Murray, the new Secretary of State for Scotland, is a great lawyer and a great golfer. He is a former captain of the Royal and Ancient Club. His record as an athlete—for he plays many games well—is as great as it is as a scholar, and in his profession he stands in the front rank of the Scottish Bar. His success in the House of Commons has been undeniable, and he has the further distinction



Photo, Foulsham and Banfield.

THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE: O.P. BOXES AND AUDITORIUM  
FROM THE STAGE.

of having declined the office of Lord President of the Court of Session.

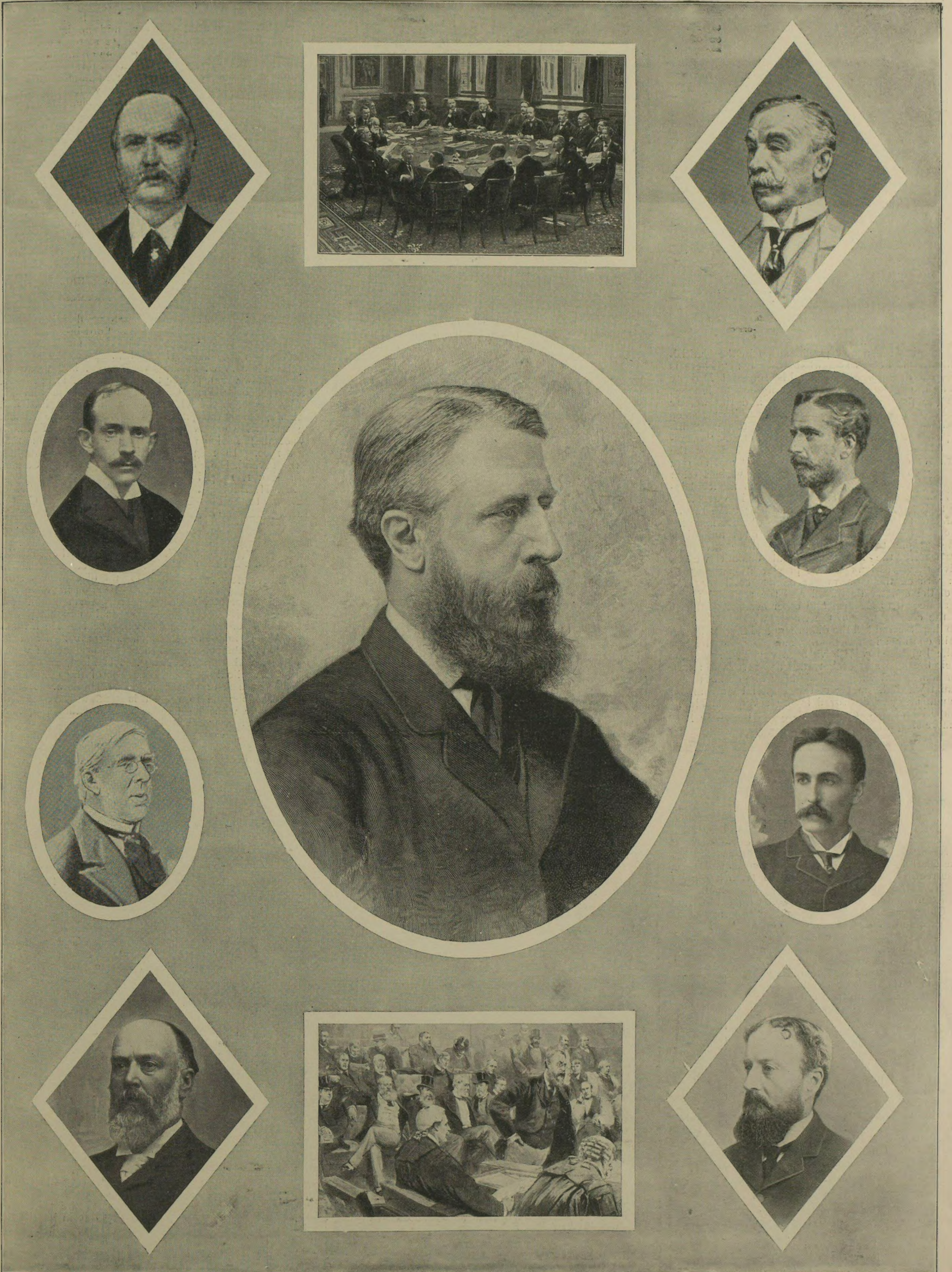
THE SHEFFIELD  
CONFERENCE.

Truly, as Falstaff said, "we live in times," and the political outlook is, after many hum-drum years, once more interesting and exciting. The Conference of Conservative Unions which met at Sheffield on Oct. 1 was held under the chairmanship of Mr. Frank Lowe, M.P., who had to control an assemblage of nominal Unionists which was rapidly disintegrating itself into Chamberlainites, Balfourites, and Ritchieites. The morning sitting was not particularly lively, and was given over to a rather dull discussion upon alien immigration and the redistribution question; but in the afternoon, when the fiscal problem was down for debate, the chairman found himself with a very restive team to drive. After Sir John Dorington had proposed a resolution welcoming the policy which the Prime Minister had outlined, and which he was expected further to elucidate that evening, Mr. Chaplin spoke for half-an-hour, and desired to add a rider to the resolution according a still more effective approval to Colonial union as effected by fiscal means. The rider was seconded by Mr. Griffith Boscawen, and then Sir John Gorst, amid many interruptions, warned the delegates that the electors of this country would never sanction a tax on food. Lord Hugh Cecil, who gave no uncertain sound, declared that if Conservatism was to go in for Protection, he would have nothing to do with such apostasy. If the party were determined to go down the path of dishonour to Imperial ruin (a phrase curiously reminiscent of a famous Gladstonian utterance), he would wash his hands clean of the greater crime. Lord Hugh, who was heard with difficulty amid uproar, was followed by Mr. Winston Churchill, who said that the Conservative



# UNIONIST FREE-TRADERS: THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND HIS FELLOW SECEDERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, FRADELLE AND YOUNG, AND BERESFORD.



LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.  
LORD HUGH CECIL.  
LORD GOSCHEN.  
THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN E. GORST.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AT A CABINET MEETING UNDER LORD SALISBURY.  
THE RIGHT HON. THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, EX-LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.  
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE MOVING THE REJECTION OF THE HOME RULE BILL  
AT THE SECOND READING IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, 1893.

THE RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE.  
LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.  
THE HON. ARTHUR ELLIOT.  
THE RIGHT HON. SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.



party was not committed at present to anything more than a policy of negotiation. Sir F. C. Rasch gave Mr. Churchill paternal advice to study his father's speeches before making another public utterance. The debate was adjourned until the following day, when Mr. Chaplin withdrew his rider and Sir J. Gorst considerably modified his position. The official resolution was then carried, and the proceedings terminated.

**THE ROYAL WEDDING.** The civil marriage of Prince Andrew of Greece, son of the Crown Prince of Greece, and Princess Alice, daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Director of the Intelligence Department at the Admiralty, took place at Darmstadt on Oct. 6, the King of Greece and the father of the bride acting as witnesses. The second and third ceremonies were fixed for the following day, and were held in the German Chapel and in the Russian Chapel at Darmstadt. After attending a State banquet in the Old Palace, the bride and bridegroom left for Schloss Heiligenberg, Hesse.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MR. H. BABINGTON SMITH,  
NEW SECRETARY TO THE  
POST-OFFICE.

**THE MACEDONIAN TROUBLE.** A telegram from Monastir an-

nounces the issue of a new proclamation by the Turkish authorities. It begins somewhat artlessly: "There is no need to mention how much his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, our Benefactor and enlightened Master, desires the prosperity of the country and the welfare of all his subjects without exception, sacrificing sleep and quiet, day and night, thinking how to perfect his lofty purposes"; and goes on to point out that "everywhere courts are approved and established for the preservation of the rights of the people," and so on; and that, "so also are initiated everywhere various other needed benefits, and to this end a portion of the local income is apportioned." The Bulgarian is warned to attend to his own business while awaiting "the results and fruits of these favours by the Imperial Government," and not to heed those "evil-minded ones not wishing the people to be benefited by these favours," who "deceive the inhabitants and commit various repulsive transgressions." The proclamation then proceeds: "Since the Government cannot coolly see the order of the country destroyed and the peaceful population subjected to murders and other evils, it distinctly orders the commanders of the troops, wherever they are sent, to disperse and kill the disturbers and their followers who still continue in rebellion. Therefore, for the last time, the Bulgarians who have been deceived and have left their firesides and their trades are invited to return to their homes and villages, and those who do not return and run toward the mercy of the Imperial Government will be punished and destroyed in the severest fashion." His Imperial Majesty evidently does not intend to pass many more sleepless nights.

**AUSTRIA AND RUSSIA.** The meeting of the Czar and the Emperor Francis Joseph has apparently introduced an element of commonsense into the policy of the Austrian and Russian Chancellors in regard to Macedonia. When they framed their scheme of reforms, they must have known perfectly well that no Turk could carry it out. Nevertheless, they permitted the Sultan to treat it as a dead letter, with the natural consequences of the insurrection and the barbarities of Turkish repression. Now that the Bulgarians of Macedonia are almost exterminated, it occurs to Count Lamsdorff and Count Goluchowski that the scheme of reforms needs to be executed under "foreign control." If they had thought of this sooner, thousands of innocent lives would have been saved, and the Sultan would not have mobilised a huge army for the invasion of Bulgaria. If his exasperation now should plunge him into that enterprise, the bungling which passes for statesmanship at Vienna and St. Petersburg will deserve all the blame. It looks as if the refusal of the British Government to take the reforms seriously, as long as they were left to Hilmi Pasha, had at last penetrated the dullness of Austrian and Russian diplomacy. It is possible that the awakening has come too late, and that the Sultan may sullenly reject the proposal of foreign control, thus compelling Austria and Russia to frame a ticklish plan of joint coercion. If their jealousies make them shrink from that, Abdul Hamid will triumph yet.

**IMPERIAL HUNTERS.** Apart from any political significance which their meeting may have borne, the Czar and the Emperor Francis Joseph seem to have enjoyed a great deal of "good hunting," as Mr. Kipling would say, during the visit of the former monarch, which began on Sept. 30. Little time was wasted at Vienna; but the luncheon was so far extended as to permit a rather

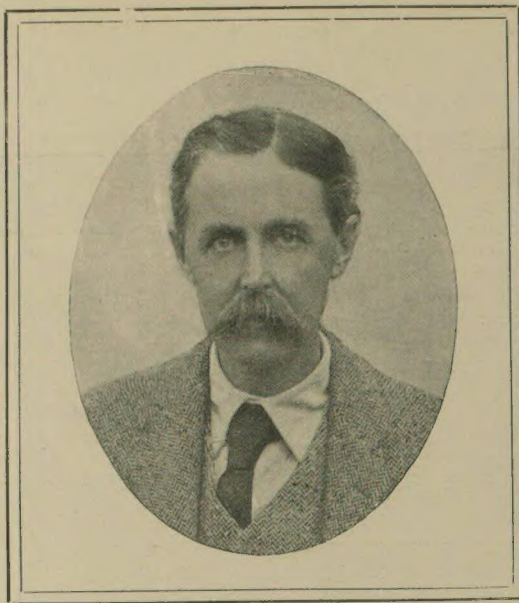


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE SIR MICHAEL HERBERT,  
BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

lengthy exchange of international compliments in the form of toasts. The party then immediately left for the hunting-lodge at Mürzsteg, one of the most beautiful places in the Styrian Alps. On the following morning, at nine o'clock, their Imperial Majesties, wearing the



Photo. Barnett.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT DARMSTADT: PRINCE ANDREW  
OF GREECE AND PRINCESS ALICE OF BATTENBERG.

Styrian shooting costume with its picturesque green hat, proceeded to the slopes of the Hohe Veitsch. For four hours the drive continued. Nine chamois fell to the Czar's gun, three to the aged Emperor's, and fifteen to the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's. The Czar went about with more freedom than he usually risks, and on the first day dispensed with the services of his

MGR. WRENNALL, Canon of Salford. MGR. MOVES, D.D., Canon of Westminster. MGR. J. S. VAUGHAN, Canon of Westminster. REV. A. JACKMAN, D.D., Archbishop's Secretary.



REV. DOM GASQUET, Abbot General of the English Benedictines. REV. DR. CASARTELLI, Bishop of Salford. DR. BOURNE, Archbishop of Westminster. MGR. HEBBELYNCK, Rector Magnificus of Louvain University. REV. A. POOCK, New Rector of St. Bede's College, Manchester.

EMINENT ROMAN CATHOLIC ECCLESIASTICS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PORTER, MANCHESTER.

gigantic Cossack. On the following days there was more chamois and stag hunting. Excellent bags were obtained. The visit concluded on Oct. 3, and the Czar proceeded to Darmstadt for the royal wedding.

**THE LATE SIR MICHAEL HERBERT.**

Sir Michael Herbert, British Ambassador at Washington, died at Davos Platz on Sept. 30. For some time his Excellency's health had been unsatisfactory, and he had gone to Davos Platz in the hope of complete restoration. Born in 1857, Sir Michael was the fourth son of the first Baron Herbert of Lea, the great War Minister. Trained for a diplomatic career, he was first appointed to Paris, and served in succession through various grades at Washington, the Hague, Constantinople, Rome, and Paris until, in 1902, on the death of Lord Pauncefoot, he was appointed Ambassador to the United States. He acted as British Agent at the Arbitration Tribunal to settle the Venezuelan Boundary question. Sir Herbert was an able and accomplished official.

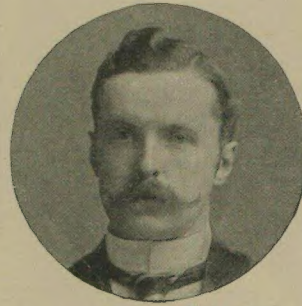


Photo. Russell.

LORD HOWE, G.C.V.O.  
NEW LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO THE  
QUEEN.

**NEW PUBLIC APPOINTMENTS.** Earl Howe, who has exchanged his position as Lord-in-Waiting to the King for that of Lord

Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra, and has incidentally gained a G.C.V.O. in the transference, had filled the office he now vacates since 1900. Born on April 28, 1861, Richard George Penn Curzon-Howe, to give him his family name, is the eldest son of the third Earl and Isabella, eldest daughter of the Hon. George Anson. He sat as Conservative member for the Southern (Wycombe) Division of Buckinghamshire from 1885 until 1900. In 1883 he married Georgiana, daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Viscount Curzon, born May 1, 1884, is his heir.

Mr. H. Babington Smith has taken up the duties of Secretary to the Post-Office, in succession to Sir George Murray, transferred to the Treasury.

**THE POPE'S FIRST ENCYCLICAL.**

The first Encyclical of Pius X., published on Oct. 3, is remarkable for its disclaimer on the part of the Pontiff of secret tendencies, secret aims, and party preoccupation. He will be, his Holiness says, as far as lies in his power, the Minister of God, whose steward he is. He invokes the co-operation of the Bishops, exhorts to zeal and the education of the young, and to the performance of works of charity without self-seeking. His ideal, as outlined in the Encyclical, is the attainment of the golden age under the guise of the Christian Millennium. It may not be inopportune to read this remarkable document side by side with the famous and so-called prophetic "Pollio" eclogue of Virgil.

**ENGLAND AND GERMANY.**

Professor Mommsen's well-meant effort to create sympathy between his country and ours has had a melancholy fate. Here it has been treated with civility, but in Germany it has excited angry passions. The Berlin *Post* informs Professor Mommsen that he has misrepresented his countrymen by making them appear to regret their attitude towards England during the South African War. As a matter of fact, the Professor regrets nothing in that regard. But it is clear that even the suggestion of an Anglo-German understanding is hateful to most Germans. It is not hateful to us; it is simply incredible. In France Professor Mommsen is suspected of a desire to make mischief between France and England. His tactless reminder that the Prussians came up at Waterloo has about as little bearing on any existing political situation as a reminder that the French came up at Inkerman. But with France we have an *entente cordiale* which is legitimate, and promises to be durable. Our neighbours in Paris need not imagine that we are likely to coquet with a German Professor, who is isolated even from his own compatriots.

**AN ECHO OF A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.**

A portrait album embodying many of the characteristic sketches which M. Noël Dorville executed for this Journal during the Humbert trial, has been recently issued. The principal parties to the trial and many distinguished figures in legal and journalistic Paris are represented with admirable fidelity, and the story of the great case is retold by M. Edgar Troimaux. On the last page is a wonderful study of M. Joseph Reinach, who made a brief appearance at the trial. The souvenir bears the imprint of "L'Impression Moderne," 17, Rue du Terrage, Paris. The price is 1 franc 50 cent.



# OUR "RETALIATION" MINISTRY: THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CABINET.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN  
(Chancellor of the Exchequer).

LORD STANLEY  
(Postmaster-General).

MR. ALFRED LYTELTON  
(Secretary for the Colonies).

MR. W. ST. JOHN BRODRICK  
(Secretary for India).



MR. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER  
(Secretary for War).

MR. A. GRAHAM MURRAY  
(Secretary for Scotland).

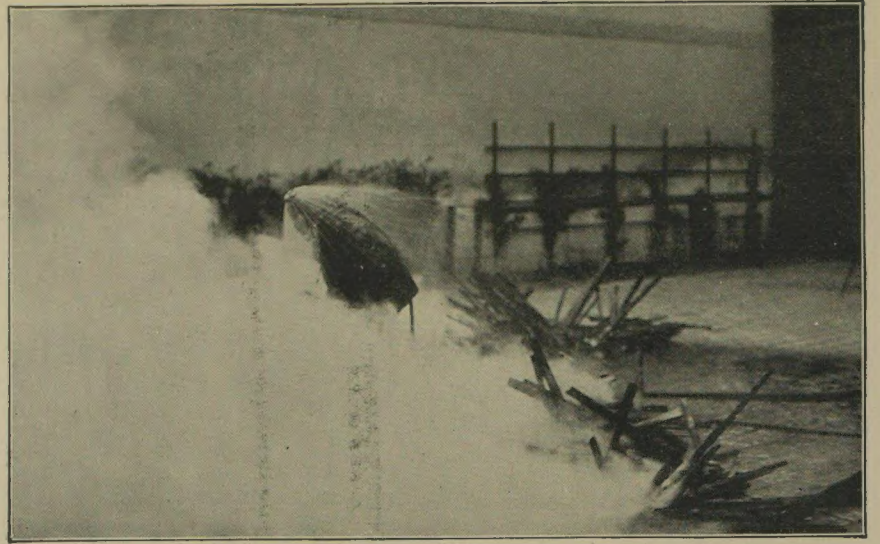
THE MINISTERIAL CHANGES: SUCCESSORS TO THE VACANT POSTS IN THE CABINET.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.





THE FIREMAN EQUIPPED.



THE FIREMAN ENTERING SMOKE AND FLAMES.

A WATER-HELMET FOR GERMAN FIREMEN.

*A radiating spray is projected from the top of the helmet so as to form a kind of water umbrella, which gives protection against smoke and fire.*



THE CRISIS IN THE NEAR EAST: THE SERVICE IN MEMORY OF THE MACEDONIAN DEAD AT SOFIA CATHEDRAL, SEPTEMBER 28.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRIBAYEDOFF.

*Decorated pictures of the dead leaders were carried through the streets on the occasion of the memorial service.*



Photo. Öden, Budapest.

A NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE DANUBE: THE ELIZABETH SUSPENSION BRIDGE, OPENED OCTOBER 10.



Photo. Nähr, Vienna.

THE KAISER AS HUNTSMAN: A GOOD BAG.



# THE RISING IN MACEDONIA: A CAPTURE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

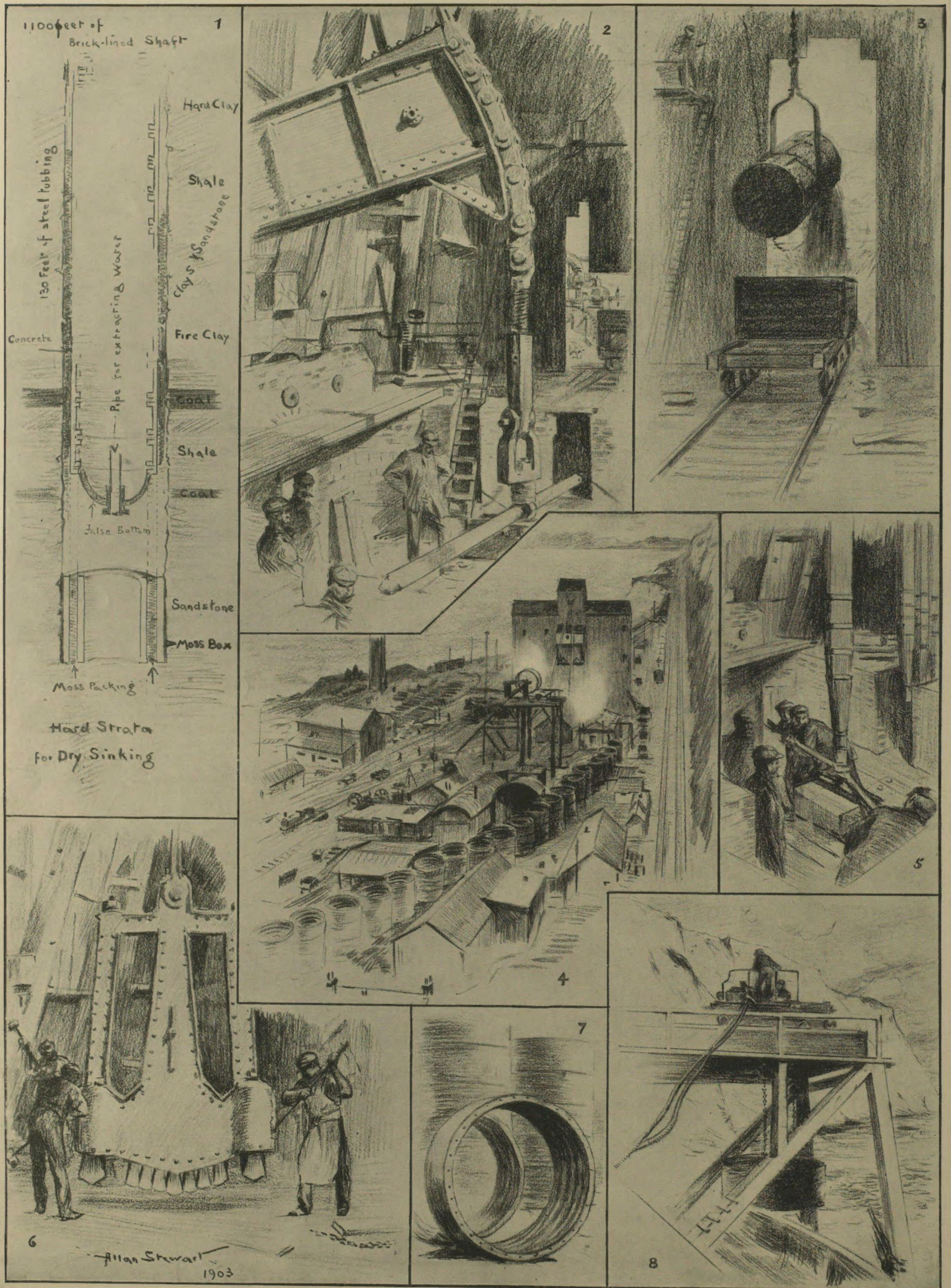


THE ARREST OF AN INSURGENT BAND NEAR SAMOKOV.



## COAL IN KENT, FOUND BY THE NEW PERCUSSION SYSTEM OF SHAFT-SINKING.

SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE CONSOLIDATED KENT COLLIERIES' WORKS.



1. SECTION OF SHAFT, SHOWING THE SINKING OF SUCCESSIVE RINGS OF STEEL TUBING ABOVE THE MOSS BOX WHICH RESISTS THE INFLUX OF WATER.

2. SINKING THE SHAFT.

3. EMPTYING THE EXCAVATED ROCK TURNED TO PULP.

4. VIEW OF THE PIT.

5. RAISING THE TRÉPAN, OR BORING INSTRUMENT, THE SHAFT BEING REMOVED IN SECTIONS.

6. THE TRÉPAN: CLEARING CLAY AND ROCK FROM THE SIDES AND TEETH.

7. THE METAL TUBES FOR THE SIDES OF THE SHAFT.

8. RAISING THE TUBE-SECTIONS (EACH 14½ FT. IN DIAMETER AND WEIGHING 7½ TONS TO 10½ TONS EACH) FROM BARGES BY COMPRESSED AIR.

The great boring instrument, or trépan, rises and falls with a regular motion, revolving as it does so on a vertical axis. Its huge teeth tear and grind the soil and rock to powder. The water in the shaft turns this to pulp, and the mixture is brought to the surface in a huge caisson with an automatically sliding bottom. When the shaft has been lined with the steel tubing, it will be pumped dry; and when a relief-shaft has been sunk, the miners will proceed to excavate the newly discovered seam of coal, which was struck at a depth of 1190 feet. The coal is said to be of excellent quality, and its geological position and features seem to indicate the presence of a rich field in Kent.



# THE WAY IT REALLY HAPPENED.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.

I KNEW it was Edith Champlain the moment I entered the car and followed the porter to my seat. In fact, I felt so sure that I completely lost my head as to everything else; and on being asked, I could not remember whether I was a through passenger or not. The darky gently brought me back to mundane affairs, and his eyes clouded with suspicion as he insisted on seeing my ticket.

"But the lady?" I said.

"What lady?" he demanded.

"The one down there with the bunch of flowers and the candy," I said.

"Your wife, Sir?" he said.

I felt like saying that she might have been—had she wanted to—but refrained in time.

"No," I said. "I only wanted to know where she was going."

"Haven't taken her up yet, Sir," said the porter. "Can't say, Sir!"

He was whisked off at this juncture by two elderly ladies, and I was left to my own reflections. It would be hard to say whether they were happy or otherwise. I had spent two years in trying to get Edith Champlain out of my head; and not only her, but some very stinging memories of our past association. It was a closed chapter of my life, and having taken her refusal like a man, I had exerted myself to forget her altogether.

I should have said, until I had brushed past her in the aisle, that I had done so with some success. At any rate, the old wound had ceased to hurt, and there were even a few new dents on a heart I had once professed as wholly hers. Now I awoke to a full realisation of my own weakness, and found with dismay that time had been less my friend than I had hoped.

I went into the smoking-car to think the situation over and have the benefit of a quiet talk with myself. I began by calling myself a fool, and, finding it not resented, went to even greater lengths "along the lines," as spiritualists say, of good plain common-sense. Love, as usual in such a contact, got the worst of it from the start. It would be weak, it would be silly, it would be downright madness, to expose myself again voluntarily to those poignant emotions. Was I a moth or a sensible business man named Phipps, nearing the thirty-second year of his mortal span? I decided impressively that I was the latter. Did not the burned child of the proverb show me the way? Catch him (the wise infant) getting a second scorching from the fire he had already rued so bitterly. Was not the life of man, were he lucky enough to reach the thirties without disaster, perpetually devoted to the keeping out of harm's way?

Besides, apart from all that, it would be undignified to seek Edith's acquaintance again. It would embarrass

her and me—equally. When chapters are closed it is well to let them stay closed. Heroes on the stage, after tearing their hair and retiring in a frenzy, never return to talk about the weather! Why should I? And as for the two years between, there were some things that even old Time himself could not obliterate; it was all as fresh to me as though it had happened yesterday. No, I would sit tight and show myself that I was not a weakling. I rang the bell, and getting my own porter, ordered him to get me a berth in the car ahead and shift my things from the other. Half-a-dollar settled the difficulties he was inclined to make; and leaning back in my chair, I breathed the deep sigh of a resolute and level-headed man.

Then when the victory was won, and I began to pat myself on the back and total up my credit side with the world—health, money, the capacity to make friends and keep them—the silly ass suddenly commenced to waver. He got up. He made a pretence of looking out of the window. He threw away his Perfecto, though it was an excellent cigar and only half smoked. Then he made a bee-line through that train and never stopped until he had reached Edith Champlain's seat.

"Edith!" I said.

I think she turned pale when she saw my face. You see, she had cared too—a little.

"I was waiting for you to come," she said. "I



"Don't say that word while I have you, Alfonso!" she exclaimed dramatically.



pretended not to see you, but I did. Sit down, won't you, Jack?"

I did so, taking the opposite seat.

"So you were sure I would come?" I said.

"Aren't we old friends?" she returned.

"I don't know that I'd call us that," I said.

She looked a little hurt. It came over me that I had forgotten how beautiful she was. I could not keep my eyes off her.

"I thought it was agreed we were always to be friends," she said softly, "when—when—"

"My recollection is that you did most of the talking that last time," I remarked. "It's all rather blurred to me now; but my memory is that you were going to be a sister to me."

"I never said anything half so banal!" she broke out. "I was as nice as I knew how. I never was more in earnest in my life; and when you went away without a word and didn't even take the trouble to write to me—I felt terribly badly!"

"So did I," I remarked.

"Surely there are other things in the world besides marrying people!" she said.

"I didn't think so then," I said.

"I notice you say 'then,'" she returned.

"Oh, I found heaps afterwards!" I retorted.

"What sort of heaps?" she asked.

"Business," I said. "Money, success!"

"No women?" she persisted.

"Yes—and women," I returned.

"I suppose I've no right to ask you about them," she said.

"If it comes to asking——" I said, and looked down at her hands.

She held them up to me with a pretty gesture.

"Not yet," she said, smiling. "There is still hope for you, Jack!"

"I resigned that hope a long time ago," I said.

"Yet you used to care for me an awful lot once," she went on.

Our eyes met, and the mockery in hers filled me with exasperation.

"I didn't come back here to make love to you," I said. "I never meant to speak of the thing at all if you had not brought it up. I'd feel a contempt for myself if I slid back into being your old dog Tray again—licking your hand and lying on your doorstep!"

"Oh, I understand exactly," she said. "You were always cruel even when you were devoted to me the most. Now you wish to show me how completely I've lost you, and you don't try to hide your bravado!"

"I hope it gives you a pang," I said.

"It does a little," she confessed. "I didn't want to marry you, but I always liked having you around!"

"That's the kind of thing that drives a man to desperation," I said. "It gives him a glimpse of how it might be; lulls him into a false security; and then the door is banged in his face."

"Do you know, I think you have improved a great deal," she said. "I don't believe any woman now could twist you around her little finger as I used to do. You were too manly a fellow to tag after a girl and plague yourself to death with her whims. It was like making some splendid dog jump through paper hoops, and doing fool tricks when he ought to have been tracking down tigers. Yes, Jack, you're decidedly improved, and it suits you to be blunt and horrid!"

"Thank you," I said.

"I thought I'd mention it," she said.

"Oh, surely," I said. "Let's be frank at any cost."

"It's like the Blue and the Grey for us to be together again," she went on. "Two old generals talking over the bygone battle, you know!"

"I guess I must have been the Grey," I remarked. "If I remember right, they were the under-dog in the transaction!"

"But it is beautiful all the same," she said, "and awfully tender and touching; and then in a battle somebody's got to win, you know."

"I would have preferred it the other way about," I remarked.

"But now when it is all finished and done with," she continued, "and the old bitter feeling has died out, and they respect each other for being brave and chivalrous, and work themselves into a glow of——"

"Don't stop," I said, as she hesitated. "You don't know how nice you look when you glow."

"You haven't any poetry in you," she broke out.

"I'm afraid this old general's a beast!" I exclaimed. "He doesn't glow a bit, only turns red all over with resentment. He remembers how the other general fired on flags of truce, and burned his hospitals full of wounded, and acted throughout with incredible treachery and deceit!"

"Oh! you mustn't say that even for fun," she protested.

"But it's true!" I cried.

"You are right about his being a beast," she said.

"You kept me for a whole year on tenterhooks," I said. "You knew that every day I was deeper in love with you. You wilfully let me go on, and if ever I lost heart or tried to bring things to an issue, you exerted all your cleverness to put me back exactly where you wanted me. Poor, silly devil that I was, I was at your mercy, and you had no scruples in playing with me like a cat with a mouse. Fun for you, I daresay, but what do you suppose it was for me?"

I fully thought she would colour up and deny it with vivacity. In our year together I had learned how well able she was, when pressed, to rend me to tatters with her tongue. Her gentleness now abashed me.

"I was younger then," she said. "I wouldn't do it now. I did treat you badly, Jack."

"I wish you wouldn't be so infernally sweet about it," I said. "I don't want to get back where I was. I don't want to break my heart all over again."

"Did it hurt you?" she said. "Really and truly, Jack, did it hurt you?"

"It took me two years to get over it," I said. "That is, if it is over!"

"Oh, I think it must be," she returned with a shade of sadness in her voice.

"Well, I'll touch wood, anyway!" I said.

"You wouldn't care to come back, then?" she asked.

"Edith!" I cried, starting in my seat. "If you'd say to me—if— Do you mean that you——?"

"I didn't mean anything of the kind," she said quickly. "I don't know what made me say it. I suppose I wanted to hear what you'd say!"

"You came mighty near hearing it," I said bitterly.

"Besides, I want to spin you out for my trip," she went on. "Make you last—like a box of candy—till it's time to get off!"

"I'm grateful for the comparison," I said. "You did wonders with the last box—ran it through a whole year, if I remember—and then threw the empty old thing out of the window."

"I hated to see it go," she said.

"You are the most cold-blooded creature that ever lived!" I broke out. "If you liked me less I wouldn't mind, but you know you really like me tremendously."

"You oughtn't to complain of that," she said.

"I don't want to be anybody's candy," I said.

"It's awful how fast we are getting through the box," she returned. "I'm going to put it away now before we reach the bottom layer."

"What does that imply exactly?" I asked. "Am I dismissed? Do you want to read your book?"

"I only want to pull up the conversation," she said. "Let's get back to something safer!"

"Would I be overstepping the bounds if I asked after your mother?" I said.

"Oh, she's well," she returned.

"And your father?"

"He's well too."

"I could keep up this kind of thing for ever," I said.

"Not with me," she returned. "The strength of the chain, you know, is the weakest link in it."

"Where are you going to, anyway?" I asked.

"Same old place," she returned. "Butte, Montana."

"Lucky Butte!" I said. "Happy Montana!"

"Oh, they think a lot of me up there," she said.

"They do that everywhere," I remarked.

"I always try to give satisfaction," she said.

"But, Edith," I said, "are you all alone? Isn't there anyone with you?"

"Oh, of course, mamma wanted to send me with some people," she returned; "such nice people named Ashley—whom we've got to be awfully fond of—only they wanted to go to Santa Barbara, and I wanted to go to Butte. Then papa insisted on my maid going with me, and I was willing enough until I found out that I was expected to pay the maid's ticket out of my poor little allowance."

"What are passes for?" I demanded.

"Oh, the pass-factory was shut, you know," she returned. "Papa quarrelled with the railroad, and now they don't speak as they pass by. They wouldn't endorse him for Senator, and so he looped the loop by blocking their San Luis Obispo Street franchise? and now one can't go a mile on their horrid cars without paying three cents in advance!"

"That's the octopus all over," I said.

"Well, it settled the maid," she said. "I needed all my money for the races."

"But what did your father say?" I asked.

"Oh, he said he was glad I understood the value of money," she returned. "That has always been papa's pet phrase—the value of money. It was the first thing I ever heard him say, and he has repeated it since every fifteen minutes. He likes to say that it would take a labourer two years to earn a sealskin sacque; and I answer the labourer doesn't want it and I do!"

"And so you are all alone?" I said.

"Don't say that word while I have you, Alfonso!" she exclaimed dramatically.

"Yes, I am going through," I said; "and if I can be of any service you will please command me."

"You have an awfully winning nature," she said; "the other cheek to the smiter, and all that; and you were always the dearest boy at running errands."

"I guess it depended somewhat on who was the smiter," I remarked.

"I meant you invariably did what I wanted," she said. "And no back talk either!"

"I wish it wasn't such a one-sided arrangement," I said.

"It's up to you to make it reciprocal," she returned.

"I tried and failed," I said.

"If I were a man I'd never say die," she returned.

"Oh, Edith," I said, leaning forward, "how can you——"

"When I say 'Candy' you're to stop," she interrupted.

"But you didn't say it," I exclaimed.

"Candy! Candy!" she cried.

"And when I talk commonplaces it means I hate you," I said.

"Just say 'Weather' and I'll understand," she said.

"I wonder if there will be snow on the mountains," I said. "At this time of year when the weather is so——!"

"Now you can go and smoke a cigar," she said.

"I don't want any cigar," I returned.

"Yes, but I want to get rid of you for a while," she said. "If you are going to revive all the old feeling I must put on a clean collar and a perfectly killing waist I have in my dress-suit case. I want to make it worth your while to love me!"

"I could positively eat you as you are," I said.

"Wait till you see that waist!" she said.

"Oh, I don't want to go!" I said.

"You can come back in an hour," she said, "and if you are not satisfied the money will be refunded at the box-office!"

"But I am satisfied already," I protested. "I don't want to lose a whole hour. It isn't a case of clothes with me. It's the girl in them!"

"Well, speaking as the girl in them," she said, "you are requested to return anon."

I got up promptly.

"Not a minute before the hour," she said warningly; "and if you'll bring back a pack of cards I'll teach you a new Patience."

"I notice that in everything you're always the teacher and I'm always the pupil," I said.

"We'll call this a post-graduate course," she said.

"Somebody said once that you learn twice as fast if you love your teacher," I said.

"Now, go before I can say 'Candy!'" she exclaimed.

I obediently sought the smoking-car, and looking at my watch, settled myself comfortably in a settee for my hour of waiting. I was glad in some ways to get a moment to myself. My head was in a whirl and I wanted to think things out. It was indeed a singular sensation to find myself once more in the thrall of that inveterate little coquette, and to piece together, little by little, the disconnected threads of our half-laughing flirtation. I had thought myself so strong, so free, and here I was tied hand and foot again to her reckless little chariot-wheels. Yet was she a coquette? Had I not perhaps been stupid in accepting her refusal so readily that afternoon two years ago? With a dozen men at her feet, and among them two or three that nine girls in ten would have taken gladly, she had at least remained unmarried and even unengaged. Of course she was very young—nineteen when I had first met her—and with all her apparent light-heartedness, she had a real streak of her father in her, a man of extraordinary character and resolution, who always knew what he wanted—and got it! She certainly seemed to me kinder than before; she was undeniably pleased to see me; and some of the things she said re-echoed in my ears with a little convincing note of sincerity.

It was pleasant to lean back and think of her, so radiant, so charming, so gay; always to me the most captivating of women. What was the good of saying I did not love her as much as ever? By Jove! more if anything; and it gave me a strange feeling of remorse to think I had fought so hard to forget her. By the time the hour was up I was on the most excellent terms with myself, and had even contrived in my mind to dovetail in a little trip to Butte in the near future. True, it would cost me about eighteen hundred dollars to manage it, with what I was sure to lose by dropping Spokane out of my itinerary; but what was the good of being well off if you never spent your money! I'd call it my little flyer in love; and if the stock took the right turn, perhaps I might come out ahead of the game after all!

I was unprepared for the transformation in Edith's appearance. She was the picture of exquisite freshness, and her beauty (always to me the most compelling in the world) seemed enhanced by her own pleasure in looking her best. She was, moreover, in as good a humour as I was, and we laughed like children from sheer pleasure as we had a little table put in between us and began to play patience for forfeits. I could not but notice the indulgent glances of the rest of our fellow-passengers, and felt, indeed, that the men might envy me the companionship of this young and beautiful woman.

"All the world loves a lover," I said.

"Why, you as good as told me you weren't in that class any more," she said.

"That hour in the smoking-car settled it," I said. "I read the Hotel Register from the Alexandra Palace—absolutely fire-proof and centrally situated for the theatres and shops—right through to the old Brown Windsor, so famous for the excellence of its cuisine and the unsurpassed nature of its something else: and then decided that I loved you."

"Oh, I'm glad it's settled," she said. "They can say all they like about guessing, but a fellow likes to know, you know."

"I was afraid you were going to say 'Candy!'" I said.

She looked up from the outspread game, and our eyes met. It was but the thing of a second. Yet when I took the card she gave me my hand trembled.

The afternoon slipped quietly away, the latter part of it spent on the platform of the observation-car, where we sat side by side on a couple of stools and saw the State of California disappearing behind us. It was hypnotising to watch the track as it vanished endlessly in our wake; hypnotising, too, to be so close and so silent, our reflections drowned in the reverberation of the train. Edith remarked that it was like a whole week of biography. I said it was like man's life to speed thus into the unknown by the side of the woman you loved. I might have said a lot more in this strain if it hadn't been so hard to talk; Edith saying, besides, that my shouting tickled her ear. The sun set. The slanting shadows ushered in the dusk; the evening star peeped out, and vied with the faint crescent of the moon. A waiter gave us the second call to dinner, but we remained unmoved by such prosaic considerations. Second call to dinner yelped at one by a coloured brother! To a man in Paradise; to a woman gazing, with Sphinx-like eyes, at the closing in of night!

We slowed down at a miserable little settlement, and a brakeman ran along the train, swinging his lantern. An unknown voice, distinct through the summer darkness, said that we were at Santa Anita. Another voice said that we had been flagged. We listened without concern. What did either matter to us? Then the door behind us was swung open, and our privacy was invaded by a party of four. They were all men of the bulky Western type, middle-aged, sloppily dressed, and one stood out from the rest by reason of the silver star he wore on the bosom of his coat, and a significant bulging of his hinder pocket. They were plainly all citizens of Santa Anita, and were evidently acting with some united purpose.

"Are you Miss Turtill, Miss?" demanded the one with the star, who was the sheriff of the place.

"It's them all right," said another voice, with ominous conviction.

"Tall, dark feller, about thirty," contributed another. "I guess this is the bird!"

"Sorry to trouble you, Miss," said the sheriff to Edith, "but we'll have to take you off this train."

(To be concluded next week.)





1. VASE ORNAMENTED WITH SCROLL PATTERN. 2. A SILVER EWER. 3. AN ALEXANDRINE PATERA, OR BOWL. 4. VASE WITH OLIVE DECORATION. 5. VASE ORNAMENTED WITH A BACCHIC SCENE.

ANOTHER DISPUTE OVER ANTIQUITIES AT THE LOUVRE: EXAMPLES FROM THE BOSCORÉALE SILVER TREASURE.

*M. Elina, who exposed the Saitaphernes forgery, has now criticised unfavourably the famous Boscoréale collection; but M. André, who has the pieces in his hands for restoration, declares that they are genuine. He says certain parts of the work could not be imitated, as the secret of the workmanship has been lost. The Greek inscriptions, too, he contends, are genuine, and were deciphered only with infinite difficulty under a coating of rust. These examples are all from the Rothschild bequest.*



WATER FROM WALES FOR BIRMINGHAM: THE HIGHEST DAM IN THE ELAN VALLEY, RADNORSHIRE.

*The first of the new series of reservoirs has been so far completed as to permit of its being filled to overflowing. It is about two and a half miles in length, and the depth of water immediately behind the wall is 135 ft. A fortnight ago water to the depth of 18 in. was flowing over the crest of the dam. The engineer is Mr. J. Mansergh, of Westminster.*



## NEW NOVELS.

*The Literary Sense.* By E. Nesbit. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Viscountess Normanhurst.* By Edward H. Cooper. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)  
*The Master of Gray.* By H. C. Bailey. (London: Longmans. 6s.)  
*Barbara Winslow: Rebel.* By Beth Ellis. (Edinburgh: Blackwood. 6s.)  
*The Pool in the Desert.* By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sarah Jeannette Duncan.) (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*Priors Roothing.* By Ella Fuller Maitland. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)  
*Griff of Griffithscourt.* By Helen Mathers. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

In "The Literary Sense" Mrs. Nesbit has dropped her accustomed rôle, and broken new ground, leaving us fain to seek "the reason o' the cause, and the wherefore o' the why," since the change is by no means an advance on previous achievements, and will not enhance Mrs. Nesbit's reputation one whit. It is true that the several slight sketches are not quite without charm, and that in one or two of them a genuine human note is sounded; but this fact does not raise the volume to the level of "The Would-Be-Goods" or of "The Red House." In every story, hero or heroine (sometimes both) is endowed with what Mrs. Nesbit defines as the literary sense—in other words, a certain histrionic capacity which enables them to enact a part they do not feel, with varying results. A further impression of unreality is conveyed by what we may call the irreducible minimum system which prevails throughout; it is He and She, and sometimes another, sketched in against a more or less fantastic background, undisturbed by any of the complexities of everyday existence, unhampered by family or friends. We may add that, the artificial nature of the thing once granted, the stories are good of their kind; but they are not good enough for Mrs. Nesbit. Her peculiar and acknowledged gifts found a wider scope in her earlier work, and we hope that she will return to the part to which she is so well suited and delight us once more with happy chronicles of youth.

"The Viscountess Normanhurst" is a very clever, curious book; so clever, so curious, that it may be doubted whether it will ever become, in the wide sense of the term, as popular as have been some of Mr. Cooper's previous novels. In some ways this close study of girl-child life is strangely reminiscent of Mr. Henry James's masterpiece, "What Maisie Knew"; but it should be added that the whole conception of the two stories is quite different, the one as original as is the other, and it is quite possible that Mr. Cooper, when making his careful and ruthless analysis of Lady Normanhurst and of her daughter Marjorie, had never made acquaintance with "Maisie." The scene of much of the action of "The Viscountess Normanhurst" is placed at a delightful seaside resort, "Eastcliff-on-Sea," of which the prototype will be easily recognised by those familiar with our south-east coast. The social humours of such a place are described with considerable cleverness and shrewd insight; indeed, the writer shows in his brilliant story close acquaintance with very different worlds, equally excellent being his sketch of the middle-class matron, Mrs. Mallam; of the kindly, well-bred spinster, Lady Maria Stevenson, "whose collection of gossip would have stocked an average-sized library with entertaining, if slightly unedifying volumes"; of the vulgar, sinister millionaire, Gordon Snell; and last, not least, of the Viscountess Normanhurst, the beautiful, heartless, selfish, and depraved woman of the world, whose portraiture, so often attempted in recent novels, has rarely been achieved with such mastery as in this book.

The author of that stirring novel of the Thirty Years' War, "Karl of Erbach," has found a setting for another in the intrigues which culminated in the death of Queen Mary at Fotheringay. "The Master of Gray" is a story the interest of which can be enhanced by a course of reading in the history of Scotland of that period, Mr. Lang's recently published second volume for preference. Mr. Bailey, indeed, follows Mr. Lang in making the Master, on his embassy to Elizabeth, quit himself "like a Scottis man," and so clearing him of the crowning treason for which his name reeks in history. That was, in truth, the one of his twists which stands to his credit. The author has the warrant of history in picturing him a youth of resourceful wit, courage, beauty, charm, enmeshed in treachery, "wishing to God he could get again bygones," but doomed to infamy—always the Master of Gray, in fact. The other portraits in Mr. Bailey's gallery are keyed up to that of Patrick Gray, like those of Royal Academicians to Burlington House pitch. Elizabeth smacks just a trifle of Billingsgate, and King Jamie did not need to speak a Scots tongue "braider" than his subjects' to discover himself despicable. Logan of Restalrig, Gray's cousin and friend, but Walsingham's correspondent, nevertheless, is Mr. Lang's "genial traitor, burglar, and pirate" under the limelight. Only in young Ogilvy the colours of history are toned down a little, and Sidney's appearances are somewhat tame. But tameness is the last attribute we should apply to the novel as a whole. It is, on the contrary, a very brisk piece of work, and not without its moving passages.

It seems to be an accepted axiom that novels dealing with the seventeenth century should contain at least one wayward and beauteous maiden, a gallant lover, a mutual misunderstanding to be cleared up in the last chapter, and someone (the lover for choice) named Ralph or Rupert. In Miss Beth Ellis's story we have all these ingredients, and many other appropriate ones, such as brutal troopers and faithful hinds, and the machinery of Jeffreys' justice doing its gallows-work after Sedgemoor. The heroine in lighter mood is, to tell truth, a little depressing, for her sallies are those which have been allotted to spirited Jacobean beauty since the first costume-novel was

written. The book goes better when misfortune and imprisonment sober the young woman, and adventures crowd thick upon her and her soldier swain. The whole thing has, as a matter of fact, been done a hundred times before, and in many instances better done; but this is not to say that "Barbara Winslow: Rebel," would not make an excellent present for a girl of eighteen, full of romantic interest in the dark chapter of English history with which it deals. The hairbreadth 'scapes, the duels, the bearding of Jeffreys in his den, are quite briskly written, and the chief characters are young and lively, and worthy their rescue from Colonel Kirke and the Bloody Assize. The story has too little light and shade to possess value as a picture of the people of a ruder age; but it is what our grandmothers would have called "an agreeable romance," written with a fine eye for the expectations of the general reader.

Mrs. Cotes is at pains to avoid the obvious sentiment; and since this is no easy task in a book of Anglo-Indian stories, she makes occasional diverting plunges into the method of Henry James, leaving her readers, appreciative but tantalised, eyeing her antics in the maze. Lest this statement should prejudice anybody against a charming book, it is as well to say that she extricates herself with a cheerful countenance, and remains clear-headed even before the spectacle of her own undeniable cleverness. The four stories in "The Pool in the Desert," with their luminous Indian setting—never intrusive, throwing only the exiles from Western civilisation into relief—are the work of an artist in black-and-white—and sympathy. It is not the trick that convinces, though Mrs. Cotes has the technique of her art at her fingers' ends; it is the broad treatment of situation and character which proves at once her insight and her kindness. Her women are as complex as the maker of mysteries meant them to be; but behind their complexities lie simple codes of honour, faithfulness, the homing instincts of the sex; so that, whether it be Judy Harbottle, who so nearly appeases her soul's hunger by starving her conscience, or Madeline Anderson, whose "hesitation" is allied to sophistry, we feel that the tangle will be straightened in the end, as the elemental law of human order demands that it should be. "A Mother in India" is a little more lightly written, with its underlying pathos carefully covered in a whimsical, good-natured cynicism.

The neighbourhood of Priors Roothing is a placid spot, where the home-coming of a South African hero or the injudicious engagement of a widower makes wide eddies indeed, vastly disturbing to the social cockle-shells. We use the present tense advisedly, for Miss Fuller Maitland is careful to keep her backwater in close connection with twentieth-century affairs. Priors Roothing might almost be described as an up-to-date Cranford—exit the sedan-chair and enter the motor-car—with much the same savour of delightful, genteel self-sufficiency ruling its ladies, its country gentlemen, and its parochial interests. Fortunately for Cranford, young women of the type of Dolly Walker were unknown in its time, though it is not to be denied that they exist nowadays, perhaps for the purpose of galvanising an older and sedater generation. Dolly had engaged herself to a wealthy middle-aged squire who abhorred motor-cars. She commanded him to buy one; and he, in spite of her bouncing attractions, refused, whereupon she telegraphed, "Please consider it off. Mum's writing," and snapped up a less prejudiced victim. Her action cut the knot of other complications, and left Priors Roothing to return to high-bred peace, with a young High Church vicar to act as a gentle precaution against stagnation. Mrs. Lushington, a good, indiscreet soul with a knack of dabbling unwisely in water-colours and other people's affairs, and a passion for giving presents to embarrassed recipients, was responsible for Dolly's appearance in a place so peculiarly unsuited to her. This incident is not the only one to be found in "Priors Roothing," in which pathos and sentiment combine with humour to make a pleasant picture of an English rural byway. Miss Maitland has done that which she set out to do with discretion and observation; thus the book is better worth reading than many more exciting novels.

Miss Helen Mathers writes with irrepressible vivacity, and "Griff of Griffithscourt," whatever its failings, is certainly never dull. Out of her ripe experience the writer gives us vivid flashlights upon the mainsprings of conduct in men and women, some of them hitherto undreamt of, or at least unexpressed, by less audacious intellects. Who would have imagined, for example, that "only the man who has made a backbone out of his own wickedness knows how to be good to a woman, in the true sense of the word." It is our misfortune that the story does not furnish an illustration of this theory (twice expressed), for from Miss Mathers' pen it could scarcely have failed to be both interesting and instructive. Her hero, however, is too young and too straight for the purpose, and seems to have had but a poor supply of wickedness to fall back upon—not nearly sufficient for the construction of that interesting backbone; the villain, on the other hand, is steeped in iniquity, and one can only imagine that the ossifying process must have reached the heart: he certainly displays no aptitude for being "good to a woman" in any sense of the word. Miss Mathers, we are glad to note, does not make her characters converse in epigrams and metaphors, but rather endows them with great freedom of speech, salted with sense and savoured with wit; and if, upon occasion, both salt and savour are wanting, the omission only serves to emphasise the naturalness of the characterisation. But Miss Mathers' strength lies chiefly in her use of the passionate human note, which is dominant throughout, and which leaves in the mind an impression of flesh and blood, as opposed to mere words and theories. At the same time, we may say that as far as the manner of writing is concerned, more careful revision is desirable: such slips as the use of "those" followed by "has" (p. 37) might easily be avoided.

## "DIZZY" IN IMPRESSIONS.

To avert possible misunderstanding, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell wisely called his two volumes on Benjamin Disraeli an unconventional biography. For the novelty of the plan in a work of this magnitude certainly required some, we will not say apology, but at least some introduction—some "buffer," as it were, between its unfamiliarity and that criticism which runs in grooves. Mr. Meynell came to his task as well equipped, perhaps, as any living man, that potential biographer of "Dizzy" not excepted whose Fabian tactics seem likely to deprive the world permanently of what he knows. Had we been sure of his work's ultimate appearance, Mr. Meynell's method might have found ampler justification. As it is, it is impossible to regret his wilful abandonment of "conventional" narrative, binding all his wonderful stores of Disraeliana into an organic whole. His departure from convention, indeed, reminds us, even at the expense of our fine rebelliousness, how marvellously safe a thing convention is.

But with this much by way of clearing the ground from the devil's advocate's side, it would be unfair to approach the body of Mr. Meynell's work without a sympathetic endeavour to understand his mode of operation. It is entirely that of the impressionist painter of the most advanced French school; the method, indeed, of Corot, of Manet, and, above all, of Camille Pissarro. They fling the prismatic elements (wildly, chaotically, say the uninitiated) upon the canvas, and leave the spectator's eye to fuse the whole into perfect relativity and harmony. Now, had we in literature a prismatic spectrum, and a power of the mind's eye to seize the apparently random word, with its co-relative and counter-relative, and from these elements create an ultimate impression as vivid and inevitable as the painter's, this biography of Disraeli would, when the whole has been grasped, present to the inner consciousness a picture of the man—essential, whole, shorn of adventitious particulars. Unfortunately the pen, unlike the brush, cannot present its complete case at a glance, and the final fusion of the elements set forth is therefore weakened. But, allowing for this limitation of the instrument and medium, the reader must acknowledge that Disraeli has here been portrayed in a manner entirely appropriate to his most subtle and elusive character. To drag him at the chariot-wheels of chronologically ordered biography would have been to lose much of the essence of his personality.

The reader must therefore be prepared to sacrifice much that he has expected. This is a two-volume life of Disraeli which can afford to dismiss in two pages the Berlin Conference, which even ignores Bismarck's famous summing-up of Disraeli at that struggle of Plenipotentiaries. "Der alte Jude, das ist der Mann," added the Iron Chancellor, after his painted-lath simile for Salisbury; but although Mr. Meynell does not quote the phrase, it may very well be taken as the keynote of his remarkable book, published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

The man Disraeli is here before everything, and particularly the man as revealed in his spoken or written word. Mr. Meynell seizes on the remark, the criticism, the epigram, often upon the lengthy extract from what Bismarck called "his fantastic novel-writing," and, with that for text, analyses and elucidates the portion of the inner "Dizzy" the words represent, in relation to the subject and to other utterances. This is occasionally done by implication as much as by obvious collocation, and the effect is therefore the more artistic. As the reader turns page after page—as he must perforce, for dullness is not named in the bond—he finds the portrait emerging with a singular charm that condones the superficially disjointed effect of the method. His belief in, and affection for, youth—one of Disraeli's most agreeable traits—could not escape the biographer. It reappears at unexpected moments. On reading Coventry Patmore's lines beginning "When the false English nobles and their Jew," "I collapse!" said Disraeli. "If the poets are against me, I give up; for behind the poets are ranged the young men."

Of this homage to the rising generation we catch another illuminating glimpse in the biographer's footnote to the remark, "You cannot say too many nice things. I am inordinately vain, and delight in praise." "This," says Mr. Meynell, "was Disraeli's candour to Lady Lamington, whose guest he was shortly after his great reception at Oxford in 1853. Lady Lamington (the wife of his old friend, Baillie Cochrane) told him that the letters she got from undergraduates were filled with praise. 'Read them all to me,' he said when she paused, 'I like to hear them all.' Praise from the young men never lost its savour for Disraeli. . . . The memory of that day of his D.C.L.—the honorary degree which his father had borne before him—was dear to him till the end of life." From this the law of association brings us to the "Young England" movement in a single step, and on that the present biographer has a mist-dispelling word to say. From the Duke of Rutland he has received confirmation of Lord Houghton's statement, "Disraeli knew nothing at all about it at first—he came in afterwards." "Lord Houghton was right," says the Duke. "Lord Beaconsfield did not identify himself at first with the movement, but did so before long, and by the force of genius and longer experience at once became the real leader."

In writing of curious sidelights on the career of Beaconsfield, of his marriage, his friendship with Lady Blessington, his "wonderful way" with Queen Victoria, the extraordinary golden laurel-wreath incident, Mr. Meynell is at his best, for he is a pastmaster of the anecdotal style. That he knew Tracy Turnerelli has not detracted from his setting-forth of that eccentric person's inglorious attempt to crown the statesman. From the awkward incident "Dizzy" emerges serene and kindly. The narrative is one of the most human touches in a very human, if extraordinarily handled book.





MY LADY OF THE FALCONS: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY IDYLL.

DRAWN BY C. WILMSHURST.



# NAVAL PROGRESS: NEW MOVEMENTS AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. CRIEB AND MESSRS. RUSSELL.



THE NEW NAVAL BARRACKS AT PORTSMOUTH: THE OFFICIAL ENTRY INTO POSSESSION, SEPTEMBER 30.  
*Officers and men to the number of about four thousand marched from their old to their new quarters, headed by a naval band.*

THE EYES OF THE SUBMARINE: THE NEW PERISCOPE.



THE NEW TYPE OF SUBMARINE: THE VESSEL "NO. 1A" UNDERGOING TRIALS WITH HER SMALLER SISTERS AND HER PARENT SHIP, H.M.S. "THAMES."  
*The new submarine "1A" appears on the left of the larger photograph. The tall pole in the circle photograph carries the lens of the periscope, an instrument which, by an ingenious arrangement of mirrors, permits the captain of the submerged vessel to sweep the horizon as though he were using his telescope on deck.*



# FROM SAIL TO STEAM: THE ABOLITION OF NAVAL TRAINING UNDER SAILS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CRIER.



1. THE ETIQUETTE OF THE YARDS: MANNING SHIP FOR THE KING ON BOARD THE OLD "ST. VINCENT."

4. BOYS AT GUNNERY DRILL ON BOARD A GUN-BOAT AT SPITHEAD.

5. CELEBRATING THE LAST DAY WITH SAILS: BOYS OF THE "MARTIN" TRAINING-SHIP BRINGING THEIR OLD VESSEL INTO HARBOUR.

2. UNDER CANVAS: H.M.S. "ACTIVE," THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE TRAINING SQUADRON, LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

6. THE NEW STEAM TRAINING-SHIP: H.M.S. "IRIS," THIRD-CLASS CRUISER, WHICH HAS REPLACED THE "MARTIN" FOR INSTRUCTIONAL PURPOSES.

3. UNDER CANVAS, FOR THE LAST TIME: AN OLD BATTLE-SHIP IN 'FULL SAIL' IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

7. THE NEW SCHOOL AND THE OLD: THE LATEST FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIPS PASSING THE "VICTORY," "ST. VINCENT," AND "MARTIN." SAIL-DRILL IN PROGRESS ON THE "MARTIN."

Consequent to the abolition of sail-drill, the "St. Vincent" and the "Martin" will be removed to "Rotten Row," the anchorage of condemned ships at Portsmouth, there to be broken up. The "Victory" will cease to be the Admiral's flag-ship, but will remain a show vessel.



# A GREAT FEAT OF AMERICAN BRIDGE BUILDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANTHAM BAIN.



A GENERAL VIEW OF EAST RIVER BRIDGE NO. 2.

THE ROADWAY OF THE NEW BRIDGE IN THE EARLIER STAGES OF CONSTRUCTION.

WILLIAMS BRIDGE FROM THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

THE WILLIAMS BRIDGE APPROACH TO THE NEW STRUCTURE.

THE SPAN VIEWED FROM ONE OF THE PIERS.

RIVETERS AT WORK.

THE ROADWAY OF THE NEW BRIDGE BEFORE THE LAYING OF THE PAVEMENT.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EAST RIVER BRIDGE, NEW YORK, AFTER THE FIRE.



# "TARIFF REFORM" v. "FREE FOOD" AT SHEFFIELD: THE CONSERVATIVE UNION CONFERENCE.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHEFFIELD.



THE LIVELY MEETING OF OCTOBER 1: SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

The Conference of Conservative Unions met in the Albert Hall, Sheffield, some hours before Mr. Balfour's speech. The tariff reform question evoked a keen discussion, in which was manifested the growing cleavage in the Unionist ranks on the question of Retaliation v. Free Food.





THE NEW PHASE OF THE FISCAL PROBLEM: MR. BALFOUR INAUGURATING HIS POLICY OF RETALIATION AT SHEFFIELD, OCTOBER 1.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHEFFIELD.

*"I mean to talk to you to-night upon one subject, and one subject alone; not because there are not many other topics of deep interest to this nation on which I should like to address you, but because I am well aware that you first want to hear what I have to say upon the subject of tariff reform."*



THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY:  
FIGURES, ANIMALS, AND ARCHITECTURE.



THE WHITE CAT.—DOUGLAS ENGLISH, F.R.P.S.



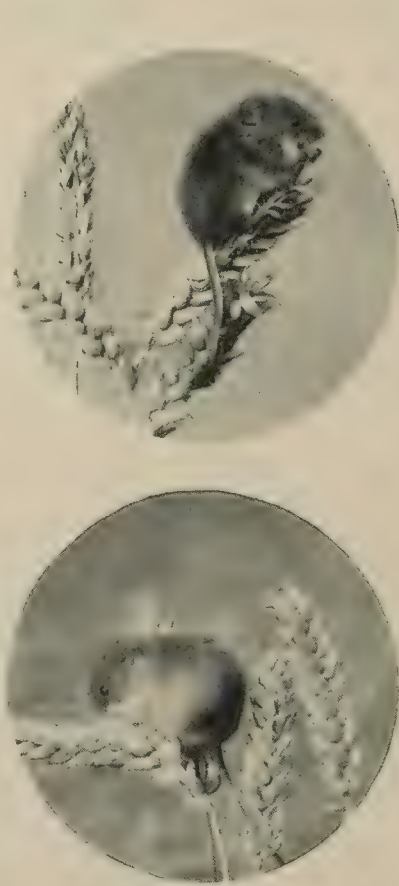
YOUNG HOLLAND.—T. LONGWORTH COOPER.



A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY DOORWAY.  
REV. H. R. CAMPION.



THE DAILY PAPER.—W. AUSTIN HUBBARD.



STUDIES OF HARVEST MICE.—DOUGLAS ENGLISH.



COMBE FISHERS.—HAROLD LURKINSHAW



MOIL AND TOIL.—T. PERCIVALE PADWICK.



AN OLD MARKET HOUSE.—BERNARD MOORE.



THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY:  
LANDSCAPES AND SEA-PIECES.



TOWING THE BARGE.—W. A. I. HENSLEY.  
*Awarded Medal.*



THE SILVERY FRINGE OF THE EBB  
SAMUEL C. FOX.



32 DEG. FAHRENHEIT.—HAROLD HOOD.



WINTER—W. T. GREATBATCH, F.R.P.S.



A DAMP DAY.—WALTER SELFE.



THE GLOW OF EVENING.—BERTRAM C. WICKISON.



DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE.  
G. L'EPINE SMITH.





BLACKCOCK IN MID-OCTOBER PLUMAGE.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

*The large drawing represents an adult blackcock in full plumage and clean moulted, as the birds are by the middle of October. Cocks of the year do not have such long and curly tail feathers, and have a good sprinkling of brown feathers mixed up with the glossy blue and black feathers. The*



# POLICE TRAPS FOR THE MOTORIST: STUDIES IN "HOLDING UP."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLFAVER.





## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## "THE SIMPLE LIFE" AND THE STAGE.

If I could have been endowed with prophetic insight enough to have forecasted the subject of the latest play from the pen of Mr. J. M. Barrie, that knowledge would have supplied me with an additional and very telling illustration of the invasion by ordinary literature of the domain of science. "Little Mary" is a dietetic joke told in dramatic fashion, only underneath the jocularity, whether or not the teaching is intended to be taken seriously, lies what one may call a serious enough moral. I wonder if Mr. Barrie had read the little book written by Dr. G. Keith, and entitled, "A Plea for a Simple Life." If not, then the playwright has unconsciously followed Dr. Keith's teaching to the letter. His play is a stage sermon on the value of a plain system of diet, and, as such, it may possibly succeed in convincing where a book would fail. The spectacle of well-fed diners applauding Mr. Barrie's play from the stalls and boxes may not occur to anybody as a strictly consistent sight; but at the least the dramatist in his fantasy has given the public a chance of learning from across the footlights what food-reformers have been crying in the wilderness for centuries.

It is not my province here to say anything regarding the plot of Mr. Barrie's play. "Little Mary" is his name for the stomach, and the secret of treating that long-suffering organ is contained in a treatise which the heroine of the play has inherited from her grandfather. That worthy's doctrine appears to be capable of being summed up in the idea that we largely depend for being what we are on what we eat. "Show me a man's books," said the wit, "and I will tell you of the man." We might parallel his case by demanding to see a man's daily menu by way of settling his character. If we were to contend that food has much to do with the evolution of personal character, it would not be difficult to prove our case from the standpoint of physiology. Even in the lower animals we see exemplified the influence of feeding on temper, instinct, and general character. Certain views also prevail regarding the effects of special articles of diet on the human body.

In Mr. Barrie's play, if I mistake not, he identifies love with "phosphate of lime." If this be so, he is out of his depth here; for phosphate of lime is by no means an ethereal part of our constitution, being found chiefly as our bone-substance. If the dramatist had said "phosphorus" or "phosphates" he would have been nearer the mark. These last are believed to be specially connected with the nourishment of the nervous tissues, and hence might be regarded as remotely connected with the tender passion through the system whereby that passion is manifested. Only I am afraid the idea of the phosphates of our diet as ministering specially to the welfare of our brain-cells must not be taken too seriously.

Since the drama has been credited by its ardent supporters as calculated to teach us that right, after all, is the true might—an axiom, by the way, that all plays certainly do not enforce—and that vice is defeated and virtue rewarded (as the old melodramas assuredly demonstrated), it is more than interesting to find the theatre extending its moral teachings to the practice of reasonable dietetics. "Little Mary" is undoubtedly the source of a good deal of misery and pain, which the human race experience in the way of dyspepsia; and, seeing that the stomach and its trials form a veritable source of income to every doctor, it might have been well had Mr. Barrie christened that organ "Sister Mary." This title at least would have imparted a medical or nursing flavour to the name in question. The dramatist's incidental and tacit assumption that a too luxurious life lies at the root of much trouble, disease, and decadence, needs no comment. I do not suppose anybody, whether taking Mr. Barrie seriously or regarding his play as a fantastic joke, will the less give him credit for starting afresh an interesting problem for discussion.

Whether or not we should be happier and healthier on one meal a day than we are on three or four, it is at least conceivable that those of us who have plenty of food to eat are apt to err on the side of a too great liberality. We have all heard of the "no-breakfast" cult, which declares that to start the day with the ordinary meal is a dietetic mistake. I have suggested that the real explanation of the success of such movements—that is, where a man declares that he finds his health improved by their adoption—is found in the fact that he is simply reducing the amount of his bodily income represented by his food. I do not think it matters very much in such a case whether it is a "no-breakfast" movement or "a one meal a day" theory which is followed. All that is needed in a large proportion of the ailments connected with "Little Mary" is a simple reduction of the amount of nutriment. This accomplished, whether in the morning or at midday or at night, betterness results. Of the adoption of a vegetarian régime, from which many people derive benefit, the same remark holds good. The diet here tends to the meagre side, and if it so replaces a too liberal menu, we gain, not a miraculous, but a very easily explained cure.

There is one practical argument which can always be adduced in respect of all teachings of the kind under discussion—namely, that examples of a hale, hearty old age, with a continuance of intellectual vigour, are most commonly seen in men who have been sparing of the delights of the table, solid and fluid alike. Illustrations of this fact which are known to me are fairly numerous, and biographical reminiscences strengthen the idea that repletion and excess are directly antagonistic to chances of long life. If Mr. Barrie can cause us, even indirectly, to think over the idea of a simpler life and its advantages, he will have discovered a new mission for the stage.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

C W (Sunbury).—Thanks for your enclosure, and promise of more. We hope to publish the problem in due course.

HERWARD (Dolgelly).—There must be some unusual mistake in your version of No. 3096. If Black play, as you suggest, K to Kt 6th; 2. Q takes P (ch), K takes 2; 3. Q to R 2nd is most certainly mate.

P HEALEY (Tufnell Park).—We are much obliged for your promise.

H F A.—(1) The problem you refer to is quite sound, so you had better try again. (2) How can White play Kt to Kt 5th in No. 3096?

R ARNOLD.—The solution of the problem you enclose appears to be 1. R to K 6th, and mate follows in two more moves.

H A SALWAY.—In your problem No. 92, if Black play 1. P to B 5th, there is a dual continuation by 2. Q to B 6th (ch), etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3090 received from Henry Percival (Newcastle, New South Wales); of No. 3095 from Ratan Chandra Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3097 from C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.) and A G Bagot (Dublin); of No. 3098 from A G (Pancsoval), E Combe (Lausanne), Marco Salem (Bologna), and H S Brandreth (Montreux); of No. 3099 from Clement C Danby, E J Winter-Wood, F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Edith Corser (Reigate), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H Le Jeune, E Combe (Lausanne), J Holleman (Kampen, Holland), Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), D B R (Oban), Herbert A Salway, C T Caferata, William Miller (Cork), W J Bearn (Nunhead), and J D Tucker (Ilkley).

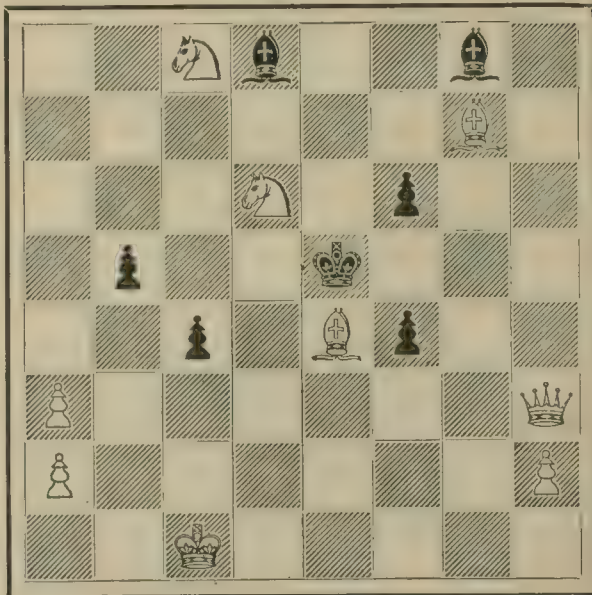
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3100 received from W M Eglinton (Birmingham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T Roberts, Martin F, W P K (Clifton), Sorrento, J D Tucker (Ilkley), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R Arnold, Clement C Danby, W E G (Dormans), F J S (Hampstead), O Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), Edith Corser (Reigate), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), P D (Brighton), George Fisher (Belfast), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), E Combe (Lausanne), G Bishop (Liverpool), I. Reeve, J W (Campsie), Reginald Gordon, Charles Burnett, Shadforth, Mark Dawson (Horsforth), G Bakker (Rotterdam), Joseph Cook, R Worters (Canterbury), Albert Wolff (Putney), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), W D Easton (Sunderland), and H S Brandreth (Montreux).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3099.—By IRVING CHAPIN.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. K to B 8th Any move  
2. Mate.

## PROBLEM No. 3102.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

## CHESS IN PLYMOUTH.

Game played in Counties Chess Association Tournament between Messrs. J. MORTIMER and W. H. GUNSTON.  
(Giuoco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. R to K Kt sq	Kt takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Q takes Kt	B takes B
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	21. R takes R	B takes R
4. Castles	P to Q 3rd	22. Q takes B	Q to R 6th
5. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. P to B 4th	Kt takes P
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to R 4th
7. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	25. R to K sq	R to B 6th
8. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	26. Kt to Q sq	R to B 6th
9. B to K Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	27. Q to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 5th
10. B to K 3rd		28. Q to Kt sq	R to R 6th
		29. R to K 3rd	R takes R
		30. Kt takes R	Q to B 6th (ch)

The beginning of trouble. 10. P to Q 5th, Kt to Q 5th; 11. B to K 2nd, leaves a perfectly satisfactory game for White.

This brings matters to a close. White has been driven from pillar to post, and the vigour with which he has been pursued is the attractive feature of this game.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Mr. MAX JUDD and MEDINUS.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Medinus).	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Medinus).	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	B takes Kt, of course, loses a piece, but the Knight might either have retired to Kt 2nd or defended from K 2nd.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. B to B 4th	K R to Q sq
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	21. B to B 7th	R to K sq
5. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	22. B to K 5th	Q R to Q sq
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	23. R takes P	B takes B
7. P takes P	P takes P	24. R takes Q	B takes P
8. Castles		25. R takes R	B takes P (ch)
Steinitz gives B to Kt 5th (ch) for a game of capture Mackenzie's, and considers the resulting play as slightly in White's favour.		26. K takes B	R takes R
9. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	27. R to Q sq	R takes R
10. Q B to Kt 5th	Castles	28. Kt takes R	
11. Q to B 3rd	P to B 3rd		
12. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to K 3rd	29. K to K 3rd	K to Kt sq
13. B to B sq	P to K R 3rd	30. Kt to Kt 2nd	K to B 2nd
B to Q 2nd is played presently, and might as well have been done here. Apparently the intention was to go to Kt 2nd.		31. Kt to B 4th	K to B 3rd
14. B to B 5th	Kt to Q 2nd	32. P to Q Kt 4th	K to B 4th
15. B to Q 2nd	B to B 3rd	33. Kt to R 5th	P to B 4th
16. Q R to Q sq	Kt to B 4th	34. P to Kt 5th	Kt to Kt 3rd
17. B takes B	Q to Q 2nd	35. Kt to B 6th	Kt to B sq
Black has now obtained a nice centre of Pawns, the very object of this opening to prevent.		36. P to Q R 4th	P to K 4th
18. Q to Kt 3rd	K to R sq	37. P to R 5th	K to K 3rd
19. B to K 3rd	P to Q 5th	38. Kt takes P	
A weak reply, which deprives him of any advantage that has been so far gained.		A miscalculation which throws away a well-fought game. Black's use of the Knight against the two passed Pawns is very effective.	
		38. Kt takes Kt	
		39. P to Kt 6th	Kt to B 3rd
		40. P to R 6th	Kt to Kt 5th
		White resigns.	

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## ST. PHEASANT'S DAY—AND AFTER.

Once again the pheasant becomes the sportsman's lawful prey, and now there is nothing forbidden to the man with the gun. He may shoot all that flies before him—the red grouse, grown wary, artful, brilliant in plumage and strong in flight; the sly retiring ptarmigan, dweller in high places; the splendid blackcock, the plump and dainty partridge, and last but not least, the pheasant.

Autumn is atoned for when a brilliant cock pheasant, newly risen above the yellowing tree-tops, and struck well and truly in neck or head, just as he has passed high over the gun, comes crashing to the ground dead as Queen Anne and far more edible. When you are walking after partridges, walking against the wind in well-stocked turnip-fields, dogs at work, light clear but not too strong, air full of the scent of newly turned mould, what pleasure comes when an artful cock pheasant gets up in a hurry and is brought down with a shot that has not spoiled him for the table. More than once it has happened to the writer that a hen pheasant has risen unexpectedly before her time, somewhere at the back-end of September, and, being quite unexpected, has been shot first and recognised after. With what expressions of profound regret has the victim been consigned to the darkest corner of the game-bag, to wait in retirement under a weight of partridges the moment when she can be handed to a discreet cook who will see that the feathers are burnt or buried! We have seen a similar accident happen to a covey of partridges when, late in August, but before September has condemned them to death, they have strayed from the security of their proper fields to the side of the "rough," where the grouse do congregate. Similar accidents must occur on the eleventh and thirty-first of August and the thirtieth of September, or why are grouse, partridge, and pheasant in the metropolitan markets at so early an hour in the morning of the day when they may be exposed for sale?

The pheasant has not much to fear in October nowadays. Sport over dogs tends to diminish if not to disappear, more is the pity; hand-reared birds are late in coming to maturity; and big coverts are seldom shot before late November or December. There is wisdom here, for when the leaves die down in wood and hedge-row, and the pheasant can get to the berries he loves best, he assumes, as though in gratitude, a layer of fat that makes a great difference to his flavour. If you take pheasant in early October, with chipped potatoes, and you eat carelessly without attention, it is surely hard to say offhand whether the morsel engaging your palate's attention is chip or pheasant. By the end of October no mistake is possible.

The increased rearing of hand-raised birds has led to many misconceptions where pheasant-shooting is concerned. Many people believe that the pheasant-drive is an affair of clumsy slaughter, that a child could hit the birds with a pop-gun, that sport is a bad second in the consideration of all responsible, and that the bag is the thing. Naturally enough, there are many places that seem to justify this opinion, where the shooting is badly managed, where the guns are inexperienced, and, consequently, careless and cruel; where the birds are pushed out over the guns, shot as they rise, anywhere and at any range; and the proceedings are objectionable to all true sportsmen. On the other hand, if you have but a few birds and small covers, you may get splendid sport with every bird brought down so long as the land and the wind help you. The custom of driving the birds from their homes over the guns is passing out, and a great many troubles pass with it. We have often seen the birds break back over the beaters' heads on reaching the wire-netting, where they should have risen and gone out over the guns. There is something quite human about the pheasant: he knows his home; and a line of guns waiting outside it, particularly when talking has been permitted, does not tempt him from safety. Better far is the comparatively modern method of driving the birds from their home cover to some smaller cover not too near, and then having a single or double line of guns between them and their native home. If they are skilfully flushed, so that they rise by twos and threes, they will not do more than rise high in order to pass well over the guns on their homeward way. The man who can stop a fast-flying cock pheasant urging his way to safety, and bring him down dead, is too good a shot to need defending from the attacks of men who imagine the trick is an easy one.

The wild pheasant affords far better sport than his hand-reared brother, probably because he is put to more serious effort of self-preservation in the earlier year. One season suffices to change the reared bird that was following the keeper's assistants down the rides at feeding time after the fashion of a domestic fowl, into a splendid bird that sees danger in a moment, and realises the value of leg as well as wing, of retreat as well as advance, of silent concealment as well as noisy indication of presence, in getting away from the guns. His enemies have sharpened his wits, and he will escape a hundred dangers, perhaps, to fall at last to a poacher as he sits asleep on the naked branch of some tree that the November gales have stripped. Surely the poacher can find no more tempting sight, as he goes on his rounds, than the plump pheasant asleep a few yards above his head, ready to fall to a very light charge that makes comparatively little noise and will not be heard in the direction where the keeper and his assistants are supposed to be, because the wind is favouring the poacher instead of the preserver of game!

Even the pheasant has not escaped from the penalties of being bred too extensively. A disease, elusive and deadly as the one that is associated with grouse moors, causes heavy loss every year to the men who raise pheasants in large quantities. Only the experts, the men who give closest care to the conditions of the land, the light, and the food, are able to rear the birds with comparative success. Happily for pheasants—for, after all, they are well tended, and their death should be as sudden as their life was pleasant—they are in the hands of the wealthiest men in the country, and their preservation tends to increase rather than to diminish.



# van Houten's Cocoa



## "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

"Between the dark and the daylight,  
"When the night is beginning to lower,  
"Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
"That is known as the children's hour."

*Longfellow.*

After their studies and games comes an hour of relaxation. The children forget their weariness in listening to the fireside story, but the parents do not forget that weary bodies, especially young and growing bodies, also need healthful and refreshing food. A little "something to eat" and "a Cup of

## van Houten's Cocoa"

make a pleasant close to a busy day.

The children like it and thrive on it, for it is as delightful to the taste as it is beneficial to health.





## LADIES' PAGES.

Without being constitutionally a "lauder of times past," one must be struck with the fact that the manners of to-day will not compare with those of the olden time, so far as those manners are exemplified in the aged men and women who have carried on to the busy whirl of to-day the careers that began in quieter days. The late Duke of Richmond was a striking illustration of the beautiful manner of the old school. He was ever courteous and gracious, and at the same time was very punctilious in details, almost ceremonious. So long as he controlled the Goodwood meeting—and he did control it in a wonderful way, making it almost like a private society gathering—dress and customs were more careful and refined than at any similar event. The Duke himself always wore a high hat and frock-coat and immaculate tie. I wonder sometimes if the rush and whirl of life, the inevitable results of modern conditions, railway-trains, telegrams, telephones, and the rest of the arrangements that almost annihilate space and time, are responsible for the decay of fine manners. I rather think it is so, because the young Spanish men of high family that I know have the same perfection of manner as our own older generations of gentlefolks; and in Spain, nobody is ever in a hurry. Trains exist, but it is a matter of complete uncertainty when they will arrive anywhere: the one thing that can be counted upon about the railway is extreme slowness—and the whole tone of the nation is on the same level. So perhaps we must give up perfect manners in return for the "go-ahead" advantages that we enjoy in other directions.

For the sake of our late and present beloved Queens we shall take a kindly interest in the Darmstadt wedding that unites the nephew of Queen Alexandra to a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria. The Empress of Russia is the aunt of the bride, and the wedding interests her so much that she, with the Czar, is making a visit to her childhood's home in order to be present at the ceremony, and it will also be adorned by the Queen of England's attendance. The young couple are not in the line of probable succession to any throne, so that the statement that their match is all for love is probably true. The wedding-dress is of white satin partly veiled with tulle, embroidered with silver and pearls, and much fine lace. Strange to say, there have to be three separate and different wedding ceremonies—so that the knot may be supposed to be tied with extra tightness. There is first the civil ceremony required by the State law; then the service of the bride's Protestant religion; and, lastly, the ceremony in accordance with the rites of the Greek Church, to which the bridegroom, as the son of the King of Greece,

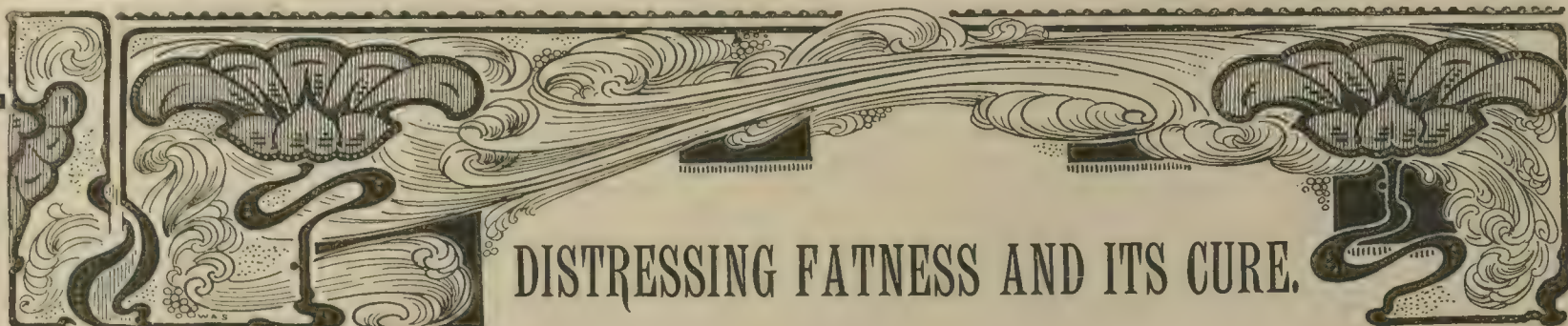


A USEFUL AUTUMN "TAILOR-MADE."

officially belongs. The Greek Church was at one time very resolute against Princes who professed its doctrines marrying ladies who would not be, as a preliminary, converted to the Orthodox faith and formally enter that Church. This so interfered with good matches for the Princes concerned that it has been tacitly suffered to fall into abeyance. The Duchess of Sparta, the wife of the heir to the Greek throne, and sister to the Kaiser, voluntarily determined some time after her marriage to enter the Greek Church and so be able to worship beside her husband. Meantime, she was married, as the present royal couple are to be, in both Protestant and Greek forms.

Queen Margherita of Italy, who is travelling about much since her widowhood, and recently has been staying with the King of Denmark and his family, has always had a great love of travel, which to some extent had to be curbed while she filled the position of reigning Sovereign's consort. The Dowager Queen is a beautiful and accomplished woman, speaking English, and many other languages, perfectly. Her greatest hobby is the acquisition of exceptionally beautiful lace, of which she has perhaps the finest collection in existence. In Denmark the native lace specially attracted her Majesty's notice; it is made by the peasant women, and has been revived of recent years by the efforts of an association of ladies, formed partly in response to the appeal of the late Queen of the Belgians to the Sovereign and other great ladies of Europe to patronise the essentially feminine, but alas! ill-paid industry of hand-wrought laces and to forswear the machine-made imitation, which has so damaged the real-lace workers.

Although hand-made lace is only a source of small wages to the workers, it is such slow and eye-straining labour that it is necessarily expensive to the buyer. Expense seems, however, no consideration in the dress of the day. Only the few wealthy women can hope to afford the "fine flower" of the dress artist's imagination; but those who can and will pay the price can obtain lavish beauty at command. Lace is cut up into motifs, and one fine piece of it is appliquéd to another in a way that our mothers would have thought positively sinful. Mixtures of laces that are of an unlike description are frequent. Thus, the delicate cobwebby grace of point d'Alençon will be flung above a comparatively coarse Venetian guipure to form a collar round the shoulders; or fine black Chantilly will veil the heavier beauty of white Duchesse point as an evening gown's berthe. This is only temporarily wasteful, however, as both pieces come forth uninjured from the combination. The same cannot be said of such everyday practices as cutting up black Chantilly to inlet it on white point, or separating a fine design into medallions or motifs to scatter them on a chiffon foundation shaped for collar, sleeves, and skirt-trimmings. Obviously such extravagant use of real lace implies reckless



## NO MORE STOUTNESS.

## STRIKING LETTERS ON THE FAMOUS "RUSSELL" TREATMENT.

Reprinted from the "Methodist Recorder," Aug. 13, 1903.

After a perusal of "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages) by the well-known specialist, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, we have no hesitation in saying that those of our stout friends who are wise enough to obtain a copy of this book and follow his advice, need no longer be the victims of the unpleasant incubus of superabundant fat. The striking testimony from hundreds of patients fully bears out our view. The extracts from letters incorporated in the book are overwhelmingly conclusive, and the benefit derived has been uniformly permanent. Mr. Russell's method goes to the root of the evil, and destroys and eliminates the superfluous fat; at the same time it tones up the system, promotes appetite, assists digestion and assimilation, and makes a new being of the patient. In this respect it is entirely different from the weakening methods of fat-reduction which were prevalent in years gone by, and did so much harm to those who underwent them. The compound upon which Mr. Russell relies chiefly is purely vegetable and quite harmless. The recipe is given in "Corpulency and the Cure," a copy of which may be obtained by sending three penny stamps to the author, F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

IT is an extraordinary fact that thousands of men and women go on month after month and year after year carrying a burden of superfluous fat, a burden often unsightly and always more or less distressing, without taking any whole-hearted measures to rid themselves once and for all of the incubus. Others, perhaps less excusable still, undergo all kinds of weakening methods involving semi-starvation, the excessive use of cathartics, dangerous drugging and other evils, without any permanent benefit in the way of destroying the tendency to get stout, but with, too frequently, a disastrous effect upon the constitution. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, as soon as these health-destroying methods are dropped the fat forms again with redoubled persistence, notwithstanding the fact that the subject is obviously enfeebled in general health and vitality. The thousands of persons who have gone through any of these painful processes, and who have finally turned to the famous "Russell" treatment—the one scientific, rational, and permanent cure for excessive stoutness—are unanimous in their grateful acknowledgment of its marvellous effects, both as to radical cure of obesity and wonderful strength-giving powers. The "Russell" treatment not only eliminates from the system all superabundant fatty deposits, both internal and subcutaneous, but tones up the jaded system, promotes appetite, assists digestion and assimilation, and builds up health and nervous vigour and muscular strength by sheer force of increased nutrition. Its fat-eliminating powers are evident from the very first; for within twenty-four hours of adopting the treatment there is a decrease of weight varying from  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to 2 lb., according to the individual case. In cases of extreme obesity the decrease is considerably more, and sometimes approaches 4 lb. After the initial decrease indicated there is a consistent daily reduction while the treatment is followed, and with the ultimate certain attainment of normal proportions, the régime may be abandoned without fear of a relapse. The reduction is proportionate over the entire surface of the body, with the result that beautiful facial lines are as surely regained as correct abdominal girth. The muscles become firm, the skin clear, the complexion roseate, the bearing alert and graceful. After a complete course of "Russell" the patient is veritably a new being. The recipe of the principal preparation employed is given in "Corpulency and the Cure" (see note below), the standard work on the causes and the cure of corpulency. This compound is a harmless, pleasant-tasting liquid, of purely vegetable ingredients, and its grand tonic properties are such that it could have none but the best effects upon the most delicate constitution. A perusal of "Corpulency and the Cure," which contains information and advice of the highest value to stout persons, as well as a thousand extracts from letters of persons of both sexes, who certify to the permanent beneficial effects of the "Russell" treatment, is most earnestly recommended. The address is given below.

## STANDARD BOOK FREE.

On receipt of three penny stamps to defray postage under plain sealed envelope, &c., Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., will be pleased to forward to all readers of the "Illustrated London News" a gratis copy of his authoritative work, "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages, 8vo). It contains the most exhaustive information on the causes and cure of obesity, besides a thousand testimonials from the author's patients, and as many extracts from the Press.

All communications treated as strictly private.

## The "Illustrated London News," in its issue of Sept. 5, 1903, says—

"The modern endeavour after efficiency in every department of life postulates perfect health, which is too often prevented by overmuch flesh. Obese persons who would attain satisfactory bodily condition will find a safe method described in 'Corpulency and the Cure,' published by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, W.C., the discoverer of the successful 'Russell' treatment."

"We are able to assure our readers that the treatment is as pleasant as it is beneficial; that it is neither aperient or constipating, neither weakening or sickly. On the contrary, it is tonic, invigorating, and energising, promoting appetite and helping the digestive organs to do their important work."—*Lady's Realm*.

"In order to prove the absolutely harmless nature of the Compound which forms the basis of his treatment, Mr. Russell also gives the recipe. This, it will be seen, is of purely innocuous vegetable ingredients. The treatment is pleasant and easy, does not interfere with ordinary vocations, and entails no irrational limitations as to food and drink."—*Lady's Pictorial*.

The above-named publications and hundreds of others containing appreciative notices are carefully filed for reference at Woburn House.



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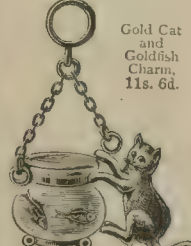
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Sterling Silver Travelling Case, complete with Watch, 15s. 6d.; plain, same price; hammered, £1 1s. Size 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 in.

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expenditure, and the fine and dainty machine-made imitations are used by people of less lavish tastes. In fact, the best imitation laces are themselves tolerably expensive.

Fur is very much betrimmed this season. The notion of a fur garment as one that is sufficiently handsome and notoriously expensive enough not to need any decoration is apparently scouted; still, it is true, and the very fine furs, such as real Russian sable, silver fox, the best sealskin, and the finest Chinchilla, are much less betrimmed than the cheaper furs or the less fine specimens of the more valuable skins. Nevertheless, it is quite usual to cut up the finest furs so as to make coats to fit closely and smartly to the wearer, and the shapes are as chic, and follow the fashionable flat-fronted line of the figure of the day as cleverly, as if they were supple cloth. The sac coat is the most practical of the new shapes; it fits over any gown, and does not cut up the skins unduly. Some of these sac coats are very short—little bolero-like vestments reaching scarcely to the waist; others are three-quarter length. The latter are really protective; the wise woman will not patronise a fur coat that does not either fit closely into her waist-line or come well below the waist, as the cold winds of winter will pierce the chest under the edge of too short and loosely hanging furs. However, for girls' wear the sac boleros are smart-looking—some close to the throat, and others turn down with deep collars. The revers or collars are often of a second fur; as caracule for the coat and squirrel for the turn-down collar; or squirrel for the body of the garment and white caracule for the revers. These little coats, and all other shapes, save and except the very handsome fine furs, will be found usually to be decorated with lines of passementerie in bright colours, cords in the shape of "frogs" to fasten the garment, cord ornaments ending in "dingle-dangles" of knotted cord, and so forth.

Then we may pass on in our choice to the furs that are cut like a Newmarket coat, with a deep basque, and fitting to the wearer's waist as accurately as a cloth garment; these are usually made to pouch over the waist-line, but some of the very newest and smartest are perfectly tight-fitting to the figure. The belt on these fur coats is always a feature; jet embroideries on kid, silver rings, nouveau art plaques, coloured embroideries on satin, elastic adorned with steel nail-heads—anything that strikes the fancy of the wearer; for it is no longer required to let "furs be furs" in solitary splendour of pelt. The Russian blouse-shape may next claim notice, and this made with a short basque is an excellent style, smart enough and "puffy" enough at the front, and yet adequately protective, with its double-breasted cut. On these, big and handsome buttons are quite a feature. Jewelled buttons, steel ones cut to glitter like diamonds, enamel ones in many colours, are all seen, while the latest fashion is a big button in leather surrounded with a rim of metal



INDOOR DRESS FOR A COUNTRY HOUSE.

to imitate gold or silver. Here again cords attach the buttons to one another; turn-down collars and turn-back cuffs are of a different fur, or of embroidered cloth or passementerie-trimmed; and decoration is the rule rather than the exception.

Sealskin is admirably brightened with a little gold embroidery; the effect of the gold on the dark-brown fur is so happy that this particular style of trimming has my full approbation. Gold buttons also are seen on seal coats. In every sort of fur, pelerines and stoles are very fashionable; fur is exactly suited to form the flat and wide shoulders that are the fashion—that is to say, the fur turns the shoulder-line and softly passes over the top of the arm so as to produce well the desired appearance of a long shoulder that the mode of the moment favours so strongly in all garments. The most useful stoles—those that will be a real protection against cold—close up to the throat or nearly so. But some of the stoles (and it must be admitted that they are very pretty) leave the chest and throat uncovered, the fur falling round the shoulder's tip and over the upper arm, and closing on the figure only at the waist, whence long flat ends fall to below the knee. Such a stole in sable is priced at £120; it is tipped with a dozen tails and has three or four more just below the waist. Every imaginable fur is, however, used both for coats and stoles, for the demand is so great that the furriers can hardly meet it.

Motoring is responsible in large part for the increased demand for furs of all kinds. Fur is indispensable for winter motoring, though at present sealskin plush, or moleskin or otter plush, will be amply warm enough; but the cold winds that are not far away as the sun loses his force with the shortening of the days must be met with something impermeable. The latest idea is a coat entirely of leather, with a skirt to match. The colour is a rich brown or golden tan, and the leather is specially supple. The garment is made with strapped seams, and fastened with big leather buttons; it is lined with a warm tweed, and will be a cleaner form of protection than fur, which is apt to catch and hold the dust, even in the closest of furs—that of the Russian pony, popular with motoring women. Because of this objection, some people prefer to have a tweed or box-cloth coat simply lined with fur, but this does not answer so well in violent rain as the leather suit will do, or as fur, which "turns" wet almost as much as it does wind.

Our Illustrations show a plainly serviceable dark-tweed gown, strapped and trimmed with a rich-coloured passementerie laid on black velvet; and an indoor-dress, suitable for the quiet smartness of a country house. The last-named can be built of any supple stuff, voile or canvas or cashmere, for instance; it has a trimming very prettily arranged of a daintily embroidered galon, finished with clusters of cord "dingle-dangles."

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The Pall Mall Gazette of 30 July, 1903, says:—  
"No better authority on time and time-keepers than J. W. BENSON."



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Bristol announced, at a recent meeting of the Church Congress Committee, that he had received from a leading Wesleyan minister in Bristol, the Rev. Thomas Rippon, a letter stating that he was sure many of his co-religionists would be exceedingly glad to house some of those attending the Congress if the Bishop thought it advisable. The Bishop added that he had gratefully accepted the offer. The necessary guarantee of £4000 has been raised, and fifteen hundred tickets have been sold.

The Rev. Lord Chichester, who has resigned the Vicarage of Great Yarmouth, does not intend to lead a purely secular life. He hopes to take up mission-work in Brighton. It was the double responsibility of carrying on parochial duties and managing his estate which obliged him to resign his benefice.

Questions are sometimes asked as to the origin of the expression "Dean Vaughan's Doves," and various conflicting explanations have been given. The original reference, I understand, is to the text, "Harmless as doves." Dean Vaughan held aloof from all parties in the Church, and believed that the clergy should abstain from controversy. The reunion of the "Doves" at Doncaster was very successful. The Bishops of Sheffield and Burnley, Canons Austen, Argles, and Lambert, and the Rev. A. V. Magee, were the principal speakers. The Archbishop of Canterbury sent a friendly letter which closed with the words, "I do not think that the lapse of years diminishes our sense of what we owe to the notable man under whose guidance our preparation days were passed."

The Bishop of Manchester, whose resignation will take place very shortly, is to preach in the Cathedral

next Sunday evening. Dr. Moorhouse will carry out his usual engagements during October, and will preside over the Diocesan Conference.

The late Prebendary Borrett White was one of the best linguists among the London clergy. He was a fair

fact that their secretary could read Polish publications issued from the R.T.S. agency in Warsaw. He read Bohemian with facility, and he worked at Magyar, or Hungarian. The *Record* says that when he once spent a summer holiday in Wales he came back able to read Welsh, and afterwards kept up his knowledge. It was commonly said among his friends that he acquired a new language every summer.

Funeral sermons for the late Dr. White were preached at St. Mary Aldermary on Sunday by Archdeacon Sinclair in the morning, and in the evening by the Rev. A. R. Buckland, who succeeded Dr. White in the secretaryship of the R.T.S.

The young Bishop of Zululand took part in the patronal festival of St. Michael's, Shoreditch. He walked in one of the processions, arrayed in a magnificently worked cope and mitre of cloth-of-gold. Bishop Vyvyan, who has been staying with his father, Sir Vyell Vyvyan, in Cornwall, spoke on behalf of his diocese last Tuesday evening in the Holborn Town Hall.

The first anniversary of the Claremont Hall Mission was held on Tuesday. The Rev. J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth, preached in the afternoon, and in the evening there was a largely attended public meeting. Among the speakers were the Rev. C. Ensor Walters, of the Wesleyan Central Mission; the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, of Whitefield's Chapel; and Mr. W. H. Brown. The Mayor of Finsbury, Alderman Gibson, J.P., has taken an active interest in Mr. Newland's work at Claremont.

Messrs. James Henderson and Co. send us two remarkable sets of postcards, with drawings by Charles Dana Gibson.

Mr. W. Sefton Clarke.

Mr. T. N. C. Pope.

Mr. Hugh Coles.

Mr. C. E. D. Boutflower.

Mr. Hinton Vaughan.



Mr. N. Strickland. Rev. Canon Everingham. Rev. Canon Weight. Bishop of Bristol. Mr. G. E. Davies. Rev. Canon Alford. Rev. R. Murchison.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT BRISTOL: THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARIES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL.

Hebrew, Greek, and Latin scholar, knew French and Italian extremely well, and had a good practical acquaintance with German, Spanish, and Portuguese. He was also more or less familiar with Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish, and at one time paid attention to Icelandic. He could also read several Slavonic tongues, and he studied the works of Tolstoy and other Russian novelists in the original. These gifts were invaluable to the Religious Tract Society, as may be guessed from the

Silvester Horne, of Whitefield's Chapel; and Mr. W. H. Brown. The Mayor of Finsbury, Alderman Gibson, J.P., has taken an active interest in Mr. Newland's work at Claremont.

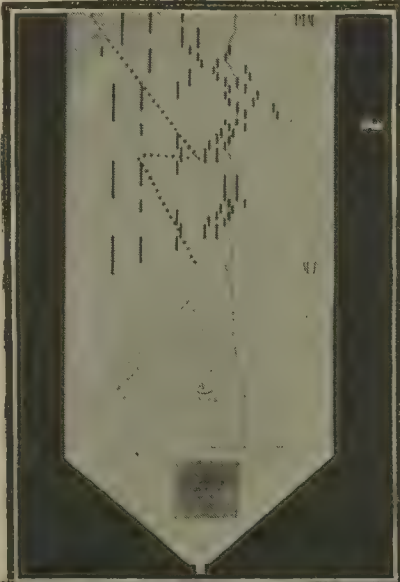
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Reduced facsimile of Photograph of Music Roll,



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## MISCELLANEOUS.

For some years past, it has been usual for German doctors to make tours for the study of the spas and bathing-resorts. Among these, the famous Apollinaris spring at Neuenahr was visited last month by some two hundred doctors and other guests. The directors of the Apollinaris spring gave the medical experts every facility for examining the processes by which thirty millions of bottles and jugs of mineral water are dispatched from the establishment during the year. The experts were unanimously of the opinion that the factory was conducted on the best possible lines.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that on and after Oct. 15 their day services to and from Paris, via Newhaven and Dieppe, will be accelerated by a quarter of an hour on the outward and by twenty minutes on the homeward journey.

During the winter, the Midland Railway will continue the two evening expresses which in July began to run from St. Pancras at 7.30 and an hour later. On the first train, the destination of which is Edinburgh and the North of Scotland, there will be dining and supper cars as far as Leeds, and sleeping-cars to Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen. On the 8.30 train, dining and supper cars will be attached as far as Leicester. Passengers travelling to Belfast will have the advantage of a sleeping-car to Stranraer Harbour.

The Great Northern Railway have inaugurated many important alterations in their train service. Among these may be noted the following: The



A SILVER CENTREPIECE FOR THE NORFOLK REGIMENT.

5.15 a.m. down express from King's Cross will cease to call at Finsbury Park, Peterborough, Newark, and Bawtry, and will be accelerated to arrive at Grantham 7.19 a.m., Doncaster 8.25, Leeds 9.17, Bradford 9.35, York 8.18, connecting at the latter station with the North-Eastern express due in Edinburgh at 1.30 p.m., Glasgow 3.24, Perth 3.35, Aberdeen 6, and Inverness 8.40. An additional express will leave King's Cross daily at 5.20 a.m. for York and the North. A new breakfast-car express will leave Leeds at 7.50 a.m. daily, arriving at King's Cross 11.30 a.m. This train will connect at Wakefield (Westgate) with the 7.20 a.m. from Bradford, and at Retford with the 8.18 a.m. from Sheffield (Victoria).

The Grouse Blend is the seasonable name of a sound whisky advertised by Matthew Gloag, of Perth.

## MODERN SILVERWORK.

This magnificent centrepiece has just been purchased by the Norfolk Regiment as a souvenir of the war in South Africa. It is entirely hand-made, of solid silver, and weighs nearly 1000 oz. The modelling of the four figures round the column is identical in every detail with the uniforms of the regiment. At the top is Britannia, the crest of the Norfolks, while four views descriptive of the recent war surround the base, under which is a laurel wreath with a list of the engagements the regiment has taken part in. The centrepiece is by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 188, Oxford Street, and 125 and 126, Fenchurch Street.

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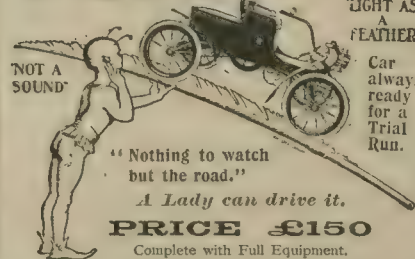
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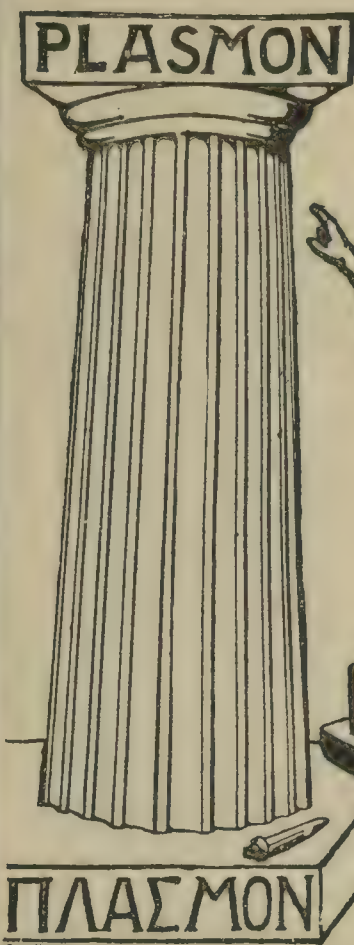
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## ART. NOTES.

The death of Lord Salisbury has not left the bust of him, which the University of Oxford commissioned Mr. Frampton to execute, in the unfinished condition which Disraeli's death left his portrait by Millais. Each statesman, by a singular coincidence, had given three sittings when the mortal illness came to put an abrupt ending to what had been begun with no apprehension or haste. But in these three sittings, of one hour each, Mr. Frampton contrived to make notes in clay which secure for the University a bust of its Chancellor at once sympathetic in feeling and faithful in form.

At Breslau a libel action, brought by one artist against another who had claimed to be his ghost, has been tried somewhat on the lines of that *Belt v. Lawes* case which agitated artistic London a couple of decades ago. But the Breslau Court has awarded Herr Carlo Boecklin damages, costs, and apology for the statement made by Herr Muther that he, and not Herr Boecklin, was the painter of the pictures recently exhibited in Venice under Herr Boecklin's name. The charge of plagiarism—this, of course, is something more serious than that—passes at times too lightly from this studio to that; and one of

the most interesting passages in the recently published "Rossetti Papers" deals with a lamentable estrangement which arose between Dante Rossetti and an artist still living whom Rossetti taxed with borrowing his ideas.

Mr. George Wilson's oil-paintings and water-colours on view at the Gallery, Prince's Terrace, W., make a goodly show. By far the best of his works are the water-colour drawings, especially those which follow closest the Pre-Raphaelite traditions. Several of these might be mistaken for the work of Mr. Ruskin, so close is their resemblance to his own equally literal drawings of leaf and bower. At least one of the landscapes has a real touch of romance: it might have set the key to a new school had Wilson lived long enough to continue and enlarge his mastery. It may, however, be doubted whether Wilson would have ever found in England his proper environment: in the Alps he might easily have become little less than a Segantini.

The Marquis of Normanby, whose forthcoming marriage is announced, is also Earl of Mulgrave; and that is a title familiar enough to the readers of Haydon's autobiography, of Wilkie's memoirs, and of the allusions

made in these and other works to Jackson, a portrait-painter whose eminence outstrips his fame. It was the grandfather of the present peer who commissioned Wilkie to paint the "Rent Day," and who offered the hospitalities of Mulgrave Castle to Jackson, Leslie, and other painters with a cordiality equal to that then also shown at Petworth by Lord Egremont.

How deep an impression was made by the surprising personality of Mr. Whistler has its proof in the persistence of the writers of reminiscences of him. Mr. Val Prinsep, the most literary of living Academicians, who has even tried his hand at a novel, contributes some Whistleriana to the *Magazine of Art*. He frankly treats Whistler the man as a *poseur*; but what we are not so sure about as Mr. Val Prinsep seems to be is Whistler's own consciousness of the pose. Once, when Whistler asked Leighton to come to his "Ten o'clock," and Leighton objected that it would be no use, as he did not agree with a word of it, Whistler replied—as reported by Mr. Prinsep—"Don't ye see, nobody takes me seriously." But surely this does not necessarily mean that Whistler, one of the few serious men of his generation, was not in earnest. W.M.



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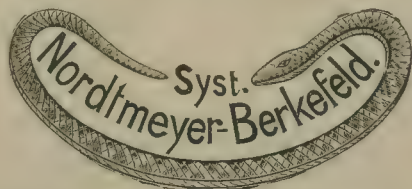
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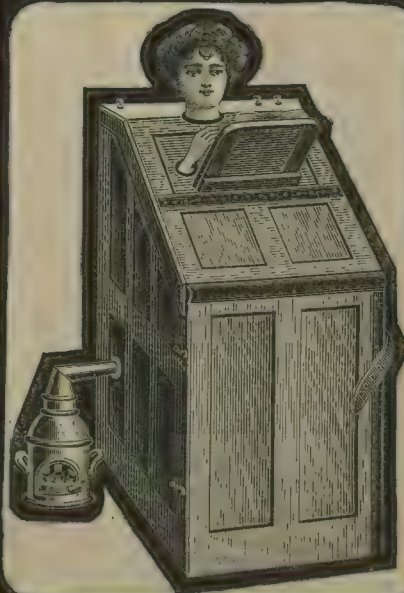
(Signed) "GRANVILLE H. SHARPE, F.C.S., &c., Analyst,  
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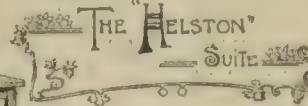
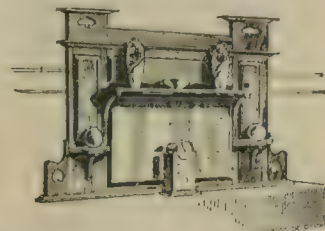
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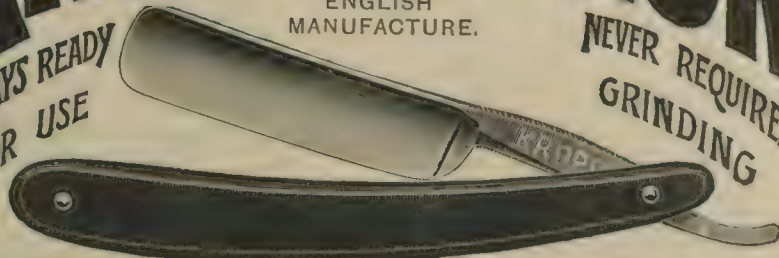
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 14, 1900) of Mr. John Charles Lanyon, of Birdhurst, Croydon, and Gresham House, E.C., who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Sept. 29 by Sydney Lanyon and Arthur Herbert Lanyon, the sons, the Rev. Walter Fator Hindley, and William Cash, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £201,334. The testator bequeaths £1000, the use and enjoyment of Birdhurst, or £250 per annum should she cease to reside there, and the income during widowhood from £45,000, or an annuity of £1000 in the event of her again marrying, to his wife, Mrs. Jane Stacey Lanyon; £25,000 to his son Sydney; £20,000 to his son Arthur Herbert; £15,000, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Alice Mary Hindley; £20,000 each, in trust, for his daughters Jane Stacey and Mabel; £15,000, in trust, for his son Vivian, these bequests to his children to be in addition to large sums already given or settled on them; and £1000 each to his sister Mary Mead Truscott and his sister-in-law Elizabeth Bamfield. The residue of his property he leaves to his children Sydney, Arthur Herbert, Alice Mary, Jane Stacey, and Mabel.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1896) of Mr. Counsell Jeffery, of 30, Tredegar Square, Mile End Road, E., has been

proved by Edward James Jeffery, the son, and William Ernest Ruck, the value of the estate amounting to £78,501. The testator gives £500 and the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Emily Jeffery, and a sum of £25,000 is to be invested and the income paid to her for life, and then divided among all his children; all his freehold and leasehold property to his son Edward James; and £100 to William Ernest Ruck. The residue of his property is to be divided into six parts, two of which he gives to his son, and four, in trust, for his four daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1900), with four codicils, of Mr. William Henry Miles, of 26, Compagne Gardens, Hampstead, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Sept. 25 by Mrs. Mary Alice Miles, the widow, and Edward Vernor Miles, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £69,862. The testator bequeaths £500, his stock of the Stationers' Company, and the household effects to his wife; £100 to his son Edward; and an annuity of £55 to Adelaide Court, nurse to his family. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1902), with a codicil (dated June 23, 1903), of Mr. Henry Williams, of Woodlands,

Clapham Common, and 48, Old Bailey, E.C., wholesale bookseller, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Sept. 29 by Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Bird, the daughter, Joseph Shaylor, and William Henry Nicholls, the value of the property amounting to £60,094. The testator gives his business to his children except Mrs. Bird, the share of his son Henry to be as three is to two, in proportion to the shares of his other children, and provisions are made for his executors to sell, turn into a limited company, or carry on the same. He also gives £100 each to his executors; £100 each to his children except Mrs. Bird; and his shares and debentures in the Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum Company to his son John Percy Spencer. The residue of his property he leaves to his children except his son Henry and his daughter Mrs. Bird. Mr. Williams states that he makes no further provision for Mrs. Bird, she being well provided for.

The will and codicil (both dated Jan. 9, 1903) of Mr. Isaac Feldheim, of 6, Pembridge Villas, Bayswater, who died on Aug. 6, were proved on Sept. 22 by Mrs. Rachel Feldheim, the widow, Lachman Hayman, and James Rosedale, the executors, the value of the estate being £59,919. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his

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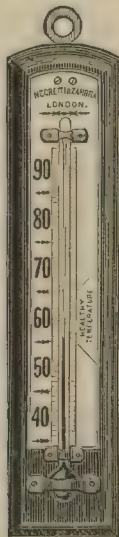
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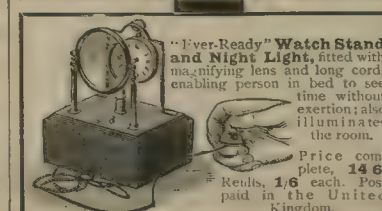
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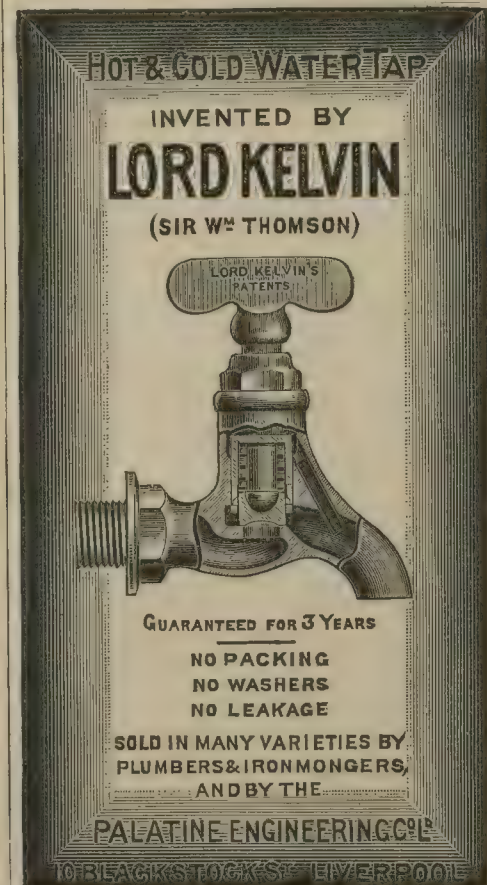
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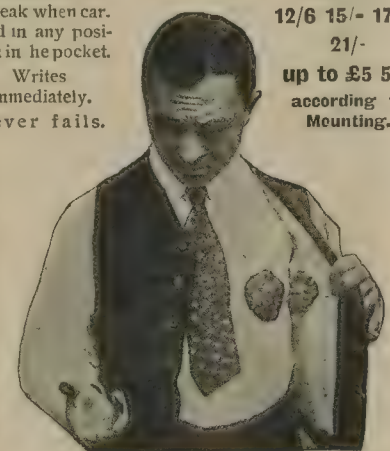
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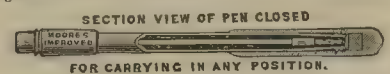
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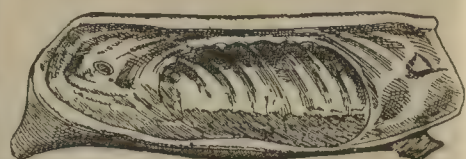
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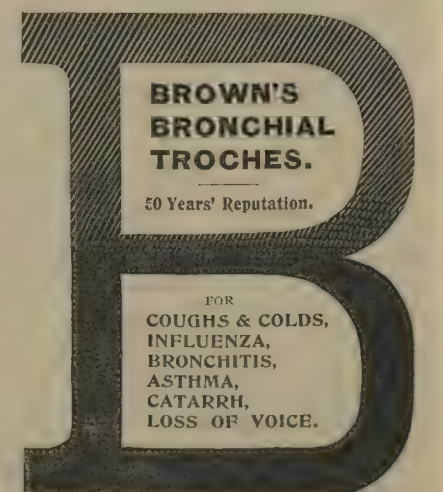


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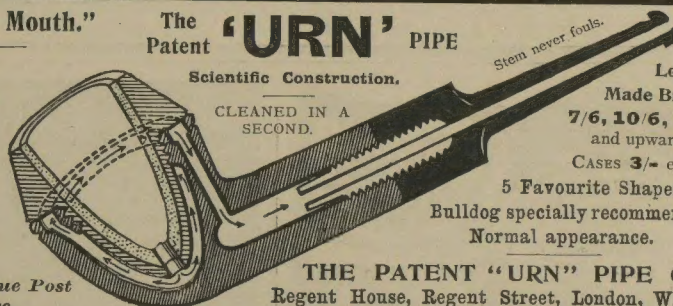
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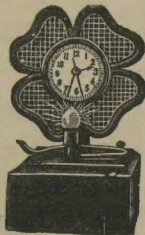


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wife; £50 each to the synagogues at St. Petersburg Place, W., at Norwich, at Lobsens (Posen), and in Bourke Street (Melbourne); £100 and annuities of £150 each to Emma Feldheim and Nomah Cohn, and annuities of £100 each to their four daughters; £50 to the Jewish Board of Guardians; £50 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £20 to the Jews' Orphan Asylum (Norwood); £10 to the Home for Little Boys (Farningham); £500 each to Caroline and Telka Hart; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon various trusts, for his wife, and subject thereto he gives five sums of £100 each for such Jewish institutions as his executors may select; £12,000 to his brother-in-law, Alfred David Hart; £2000 to Caroline Hart; £2000 to Telka Hart, or, should she then be dead, as to one moiety thereof for ten London hospitals and the other moiety for ten Jewish charities; and the ultimate residue as to one third as his wife shall appoint, and the remaining two thirds between the children of his brothers and sisters.

The will (dated July 22, 1894), with two codicils (dated July 9, 1897, and Aug. 29, 1900), of Mr. George John Holmes, of Brooke Hall, Norwich, who died on June 5, has been proved by John Holmes, the son, the value of the estate being £31,328. He gave to his daughter Dame Georgina Grace Corbett and to his son Thomas such a sum as with what has been appointed to them will make up £4000 each, his son to account for £1000 already given to him. The testator also gave £10,000 to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Eliza Holmes; £500 to his grandson, George Borrett; and the residue of his property to his son John.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1902), with a codicil (dated Dec. 5 following), of Admiral Ralph Peter Cator, of 1, Chelsea Court, Chelsea, who died on July 31, has been proved by Lumley Cator and Harry James Shepard, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,308. The testator bequeaths £4000, in trust, for his nephew, Peter Cator; £100 each to his executors; the income from

£1000 to his housekeeper, if in his employ at the time of his death; and specific gifts to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his nephew, Ralph Bertie Peter Cator.

The National Sunday League has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its organised endeavours to open the great public galleries, libraries, and museums on Sunday. The event happily coincided with the eightieth birthday of the founder of the League, Mr. R. M. Morrell. The history of the Society has been embodied in a special souvenir.

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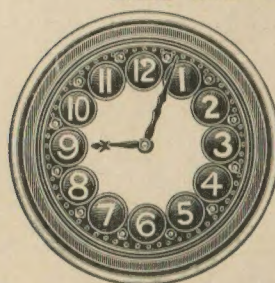
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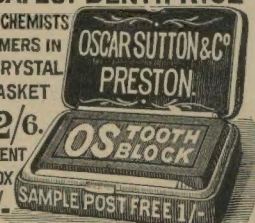
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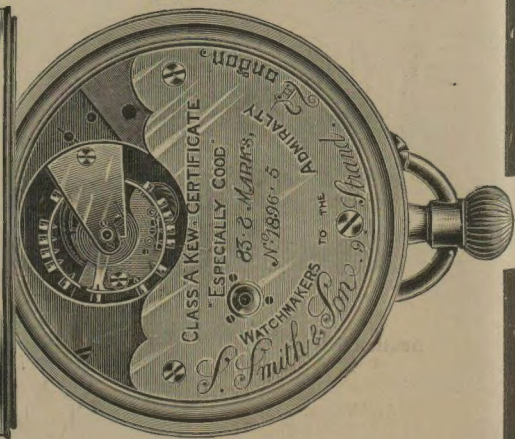
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